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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXI No. 2102 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MAY 4 1940

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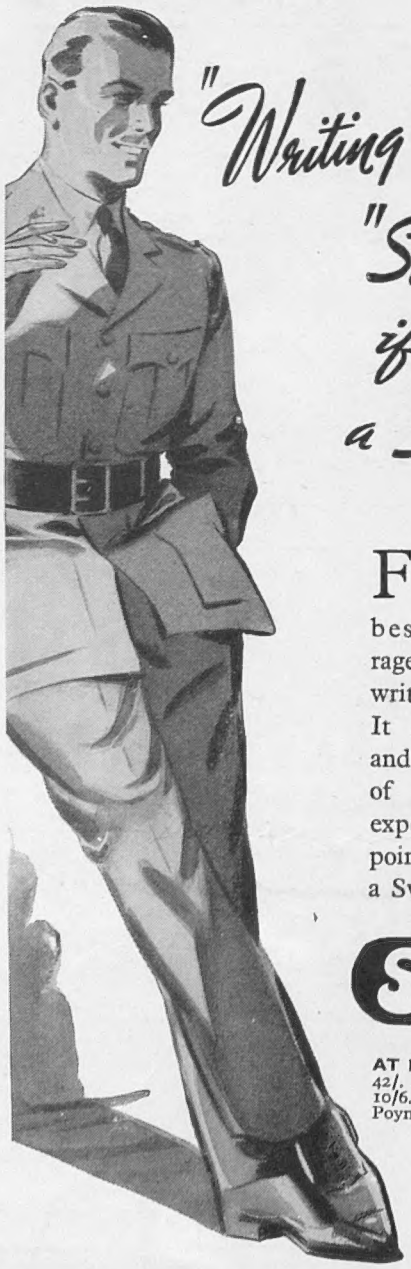

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, May 4, 1940

THE NORWEGIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE EN ROUTE FOR ONE OF THE ALLIED BASES

A Scene During Boat Drill

Ship after ship, many of them well-known liners, have been leaving their port of embarkation for latitudes where winter still holds sway. The extent of the snow and the degree of cold doubtless took some of the men by surprise—they are not such frequent visitors to Norway as many of the German troops who evidently have recently belonged to the new brand of observer-tourist. At Narvik where many of the troops have landed, the special kit of sheepskin and wool-lined coats has already proved its value. The Commander-in-Chief, Narvik, reported a few days ago that the men were rapidly becoming acclimatised

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. XXXV

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4

THE TOAST IS ENGLAND: DUFF COOPER'S OPPORTUNITY.

—We must wait in patience for news of great progress in Norway. It's a long and difficult row to hoe. We must wait . . . and talk of other things. They chose the best speaker available in the absence of Mr. Churchill to glorify England on St. George's Day, nor did he disappoint. Few understudies ever acquitted themselves better than did Mr. Duff Cooper. Sometimes you heard Mr. Churchill's turns and tricks of speech, but more often you heard the very essence of Mr. Duff Cooper. If ever there be published another anthology of "invective and abuse," that speech of his should find a place in it. But so, too, should it find a place in an anthology, more suited to schoolboys, of England and love of England. For he rose to great heights of poetry as he rose to the heights of righteous fury and justified hatred. He went beyond the book, this "member of the unemployed" deputising for a Minister of the Crown, yet the loudest cheer of all was raised when he boldly said the forbidden word "Germany" instead of "Nazis." In a short half hour—too short—he dispersed the mists of sentimentality, the fogs of half measures, and set the dragon stark and grim before St. George, sure of the end but not minimising the effort to attain it. His opportunity came, he bravely grasped it, he admirably exploited it. If Mr. Duff Cooper's loves and hates, his moral courage and contempt of criticism, are too fierce for peace-time Cabinets and party compromise, his full-blooded oratory and fine noble and poetic periods were very much to the taste of Englishmen on April 23, 1940.

THE NEW BISHOP OF ROCHESTER: The Rev. Christopher Maude Chavasse, D.D., Master of St. Peter's Hall, Oxford, lately Rector of St. Peter le Bailey, Oxford, seen (second from right) at the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow where he was elected as Bishop of Rochester in accordance with ancient custom. In the vestry the Vicar General of the province of Canterbury, Sir Philip Baker-Wilbraham (in light gown) presided, and Dr. Chavasse read and signed the schedule of consent. The Bishop-elect then took the oath of allegiance to the Crown and obedience to the Archbishop of Canterbury

ENGLAND'S DAY.

—For April 23 is essentially England's Day, the birthday and perhaps death-day of our greatest Englishman (if a poet may be given the palm in war-time), the anniversary of one of our greatest feats of arms, Zeebrugge; the day on which England's green and pleasant land is usually at its loveliest—as this year it is. St. George's own day. Another speaker was chosen this day as a corrective. Sir John Simon spoke far longer than Mr. Duff Cooper, spoke to remind us that obligations go with our heritage, and, because that heritage is priceless, the responsibilities attaching to it are sufficiently onerous. Both speakers made their points sufficiently clearly. By the green waters of the Avon in Warwickshire, loveliest in spring of all English counties, another Festival season of Shakespeare opened at Stratford with a fine selection of robust plays. On the snow-clad hills of Norway, on the angry seas and in the clouds the youth of Britain is engaged with the enemies of England, with a new dragon whose one purpose is to destroy St. George and all the sweets and glories of St. George's Day. But St. George's Day was founded on the destruction of such dragons and there will be St. George's Days celebrated when the young men, who come back, are old men. Such was our faith when we were young and in France and Flanders in the dark days of 1917, and our faith was justified . . . in a measure. We scotched the snake, not killed it. Our sons will do better.

CALM REFLECTION ON ST. GEORGE'S ORATORY.

—We know by what means these young men are going to do their part. Making war is *easy* . . . compared with making peace. When the dazzle of Mr. Duff Cooper's oratory no longer blinded the Chevaliers of St. George, some of them may have thought "Whither Duff Cooper? Is he then leading us to another Versailles?" "Bang goes America's peace settlement."

The student of history probably said that Mr. Duff Cooper's words seemed, on the morning after, just oratorical bunkum. For safety's sake the victorious Allies should, undoubtedly, emasculate every German, or at least Prussian male. But civilisation sets its face against that mass operation. For justice's sake we ought to "make Germany pay." During 1919–25 statesmen tried that; some European states did not welcome Germany into the League, and the Allies' efforts in 1919–25 to make Europe safe against Germany, led directly to Hitler, led the Germans in their misery to make gods of mountebanks. And that came about very soon after we had beaten her to her knees in the field, beaten her to cringing and crying for mercy. What new specific had Mr. Cooper in mind? To beat Germany in the field and in the air, as we have beaten her at sea already. *Yes, we all agree on that.* But afterwards? We know that no method exists when the victory is won but to try again for a workable system of collective security and to make the world's resources available to all nations without reservation. Mr. Cooper's speech was brilliant post-prandial oratory, but it was sheer bunkum as practical statesmanship, in so far as it propounded the view that nothing but extermination can kill the everlasting menace of Prussianism. Why? Because Prussianism cannot be exterminated and must therefore be civilised and humanised *somehow*.

NEW TAXES.

—I truly sympathise with Sir John Simon—a beastlier war-job than his (unless it be propaganda or counter-propaganda) I cannot imagine. I have no doubt he thought of every possibility for raising the wind until he is sick of thinking, and who am I (or you) to tell him he is wrong? I accept the new burdens. I think the bringing down of super-tax level to £1,500 was inevitable. I cheerfully accept the tax on whisky and beer. Tobacco was already taxed frightfully heavily and the fresh imposition makes a luxury of even five pipes per day. I shall cut myself down to four. I allow myself the expression of only one criticism or doubt—the efficacy of the increase in mailing costs. 2½d. for a letter, 2d. for a post card! This is an unexpectedly heavy imposition. If it kill circulars, so much the better. But I am perfectly certain it will kill or scotch the re-discovered art of social intercourse by correspondence, the only form of social intercourse now available to us. No doubt we must endure that too. But will it pay the Exchequer? It will not reduce post-office personnel proportionately to the enormous reduction in the daily number of letters dispatched. Obviously the post card had to be taxed with the letter or else the post card would have largely superseded the letter as a means of communication without enclosure. But 2d. as the minimum price of passing a word to a friend, that is indeed a terrible imposition and I feel very doubtful if it will achieve the end desired.

SUMMER—WITH A RUSH.

—April 21 brought summer in with a rush. It was the first Sunday as well as the first day of summer. No doubt we shall slip back again. The miracle of transformation remains to be recorded. I went on business from Hampshire to East Sussex and it was life and colour all the way. The roads were thronged with cyclists in white shirt sleeves and with bare arms and legs—bronzed at that. Every 20 yards were the "booths" of flower sellers—the output of primroses and indeed of carnations was simply astonishing. (I never saw a single bunch or bloom purchased.) In a night the countryside was transformed into a paradise of the tenderest green. The birches and the chestnuts were suddenly "more leaf than branch," boys were dabbling in the ponds, many older folk were sleeping or feeding in the bracken or on the grass, the hedges were rioting with flowers and greenery, the scents were delicious . . . and the road was crowded with cars. The day before had been grim winter . . . to-morrow? I felt that *that* Sunday was sufficient unto itself and to me.

A CONTROLLED PRESS: AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

—That poetic justice sooner or later visits the nation whose Press is enslaved, has been never more clearly shown than in the case of Italy in the past month. The whole world, probably including Germany, has suddenly perceived the frightful humiliation which has fallen on the Italian people, a race always outstanding for its quickness and intelligence. We have ceased to waste our sympathy on the German people. Their slavishness to their organ-grinders is too complete and servile to evoke more than contempt. Some of us still think better of the Italians who are as a race of an older and more enlightened civilisation. They take pride in their culture, and are well aware of their high reputation for intelligence among the nations of civilisation. There is good evidence that they do indeed view with increasing distaste this stupid, clumsy campaign of words, the Brenner requisitions made upon the Duce by the Führer (as the best to be hoped for at that time from the Axis junior partner).

WATCHING THE DUCE.

—Both dictators are realists, both show very evident signs of wear and disillusionment, but the Duce shows his marks more clearly. The Italian public is not blind to these signs of break-up, neither are the King, the Pope, the Marshals of Italy. The public is showing its dislike of its leader's vitriol-throwing (by order) by increasing the circulation of the Vatican newspaper, which alone preserves some part of the responsibilities and the trust of journalism. The big figures round the Duce are watching him with increasing anxiety. Italy has everything to lose and nothing to gain by intervention in the war while the issue is uncertain. If Germany were winning all along the line, it might be another story. Italians are realists and know that there would be little butter for their bread if a victorious Germany controlled all supplies, and Italy had sat to the end on the fence. But the Duce is not so bemused as to imagine that Hitler has all before him. He knows that Hitler's dilemma grows more fearful every day and that his chances of victory have steadily receded since the first week of the war and now stand at an outsider's price. He is paying his lip service to his master at the price of his country's reputation for decency and intelligence, and throwing into the payment his own reputation, authority and career.

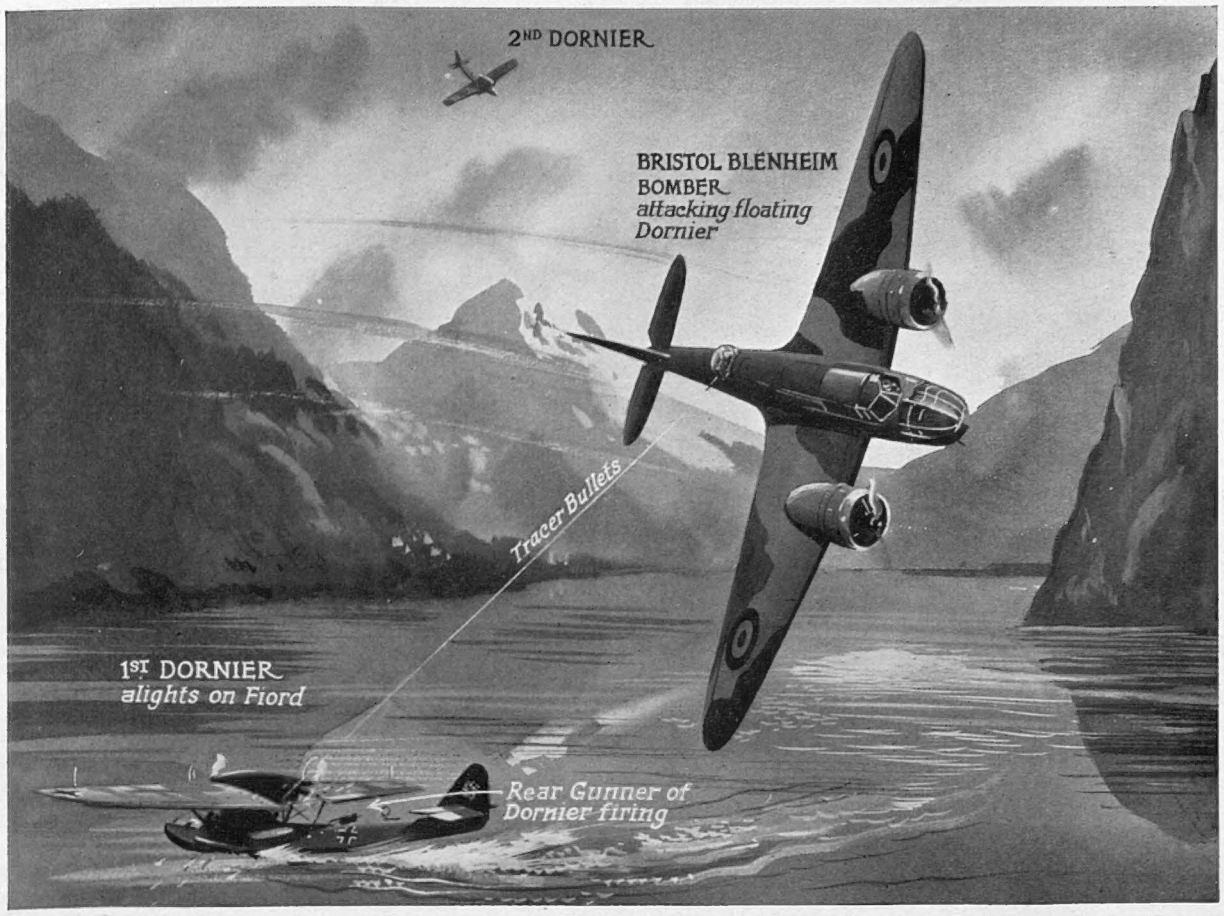
H. A. L. FISHER.

—War or no, I cannot omit reference to the death of the author of *A History of Europe*, surely one of the greatest large-scale studies of historical events ever planned and brought to fruition. It was more than a history; it was a text-book essential to European statesmen. He came of a notable family of sons. His brother the Admiral, Sir William, was as noble a being in person and character as the Navy has produced, and other brothers have risen high in various spheres and shed a fine influence. Mr. Herbert Fisher was ten years older than his naval brother and crowded into a life of seventy-five years a large number of distinguished achievements. His name is linked with Oxford, with education, and with history. He went to Oxford from Winchester and had a most brilliant scholastic career there, crowned with a New College fellowship which opened for him a quarter of a century of reflection, study, writing and teaching. Mr. Lloyd George found him out and brought him into politics as Minister of Education in 1916 and the great Education Bill of 1918 was his child, which the Solomon of post-war retrenchment cut in two; but Mr. Fisher worked wonders with the half that remained to him and made of it a living thing. Indeed, it became the father of the educational reforms of our day. When in 1925 he accepted the wardenship of New College, after many years of useful political service in Parliament and on Commissions, he did the wisest thing that statesmen can do as a general rule; he immensely benefited Oxford, himself, and our literature. He brought to Oxford another breath of the world of affairs, to himself the peace and breathing space essential for a great writer, and to our literature some great books which will remain a part of our heritage of letters.

PAPER SHORTAGE: FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

—Last week I received three copies of the *Foreign Affairs* Memoranda published by the Imperial Policy group. I usually receive duplicates only. I am entitled to put three groups of letters after my name. (None of them is sufficiently striking to induce me to do so.) I received, as I say, three envelopes (containing these memoranda) addressed to me and after my name one of each of these groups of letters was added; e.g., in one I was addressed as "T.D.," in another "J.P." and so on. I was clearly told that I was sent the information "as a responsible member of the public." Was this an effort to make me thrice as responsible or to induce me to read the matter from different standpoints? I loathe this waste. A rotten circularisation list argues a rotten concern—in business.

THE OLD STAGER



A BRITISH BOMBER ATTACKS THE FIRST OF TWO DORNIER 18 MACHINES IN THE NARROW GRANVIN FIORD

A section of R.A.F. bombers operating in the Hardanger district of western Norway on Thursday of last week made for the little port of Ulvik (see map on page 159), situated on one of the branches of the mighty Hardanger Fiord. Here they found a 2,000-ton supply ship and a military encampment recently pitched on the foreshore. Both were successfully bombed. It was after this action that one of the British bombers, after it had set its course for home, sighted two Dorniers, one flying about 500 ft. and the other about 1,000, above the water. The British pilot turned to intercept just as the nearest Dornier alighted on the fiord. While the Blenheim opened fire, the second Dornier dived to the help of its companion.

(Continued above on right)

A LOCKHEED HUDSON GETS HOME WITH MULTIPLE INJURIES—A SHELL HOLE IN ONE OF THE WINGS

A Lockheed Hudson of the R.A.F. Coastal Command received direct hits from anti-aircraft guns when on reconnaissance over Norway. Shells pierced both wings and shrapnel spattered the fuselage, starboard engine, rudders and right tyre. Yet in spite of all these disabilities the machine was piloted home safely on one engine

THE R.A.F. ASSERTS ITSELF IN NORWAY

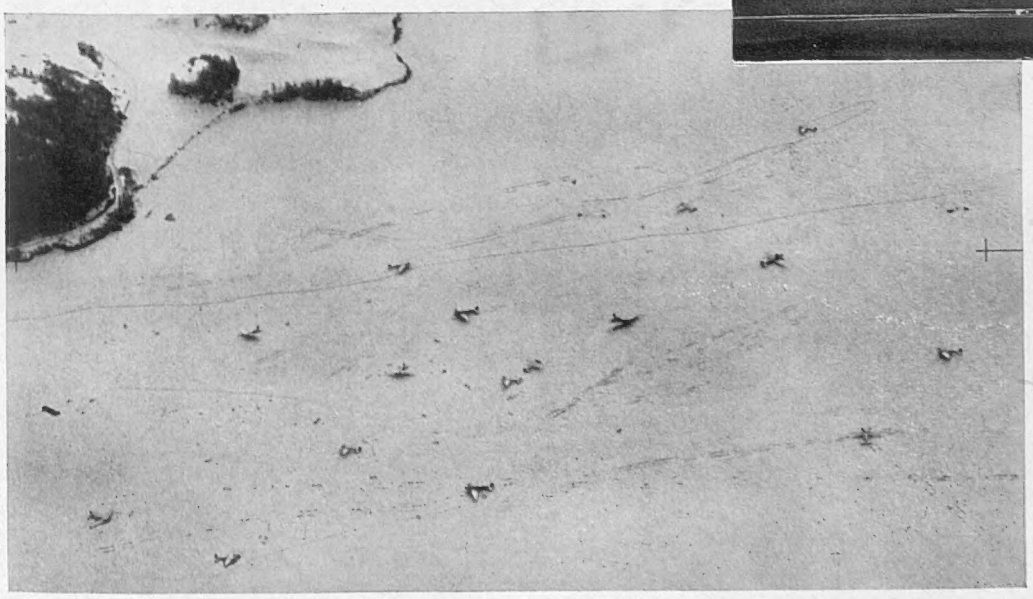
After a brief period in which the German bombers held undisputed sway in the air over Norway, the R.A.F. has been asserting itself in no uncertain fashion and has been supplying the aid which is absolutely necessary in all modern military operations. At the week-end the presence of British fighting planes was immediately felt by the backing away or disappearance in many cases of the once so-dashing Nazi bombers

(Continued from below on left)

With the rear gunner of the floating Dornier returning fire and the second enemy now within range the Blenheim turned sharply to starboard and brought its rear gunner into action. The battle was quick and violent and the Dornier, diving clear, turned and attacked the Briton head on. The Dornier then altered course and the two aircraft passed within ten yards of one another, less than 100 ft. above the fiord. The Blenheim used its guns to good purpose, and a burst was fired into the Dornier at point-blank range.

Only a flying man can appreciate how difficult this operation was, for it took place low down near the surface of a narrow fiord. Watching the enemy and the cliffs at the same time must have exercised the dexterity of the pilot to the fullest.

THE SECOND PHASE OF THE DORNIER VERSUS R.A.F. BOMBER COMBAT—THE DORNIER FALLS INTO THE FIORD



On left—**THE USE OF FROZEN LAKES AS AERODROMES**

Both sides in the air warfare in Norway have been employing frozen lakes as aerodromes. This applies to the enemy with equal force as to ourselves, although by invading Norway the enemy secured all the available aerodromes. This picture, taken at Jonsvannet, shows that the Germans are using a frozen lake for these JU. 52's (troop carriers), JU. 88's, and H.E. 111's. The lake is one of their main makeshift aerodromes in the Trondheim area, but the ice has let them down by thawing. Several of the aircraft on the left have sunk partially into the ice, and crews can be seen standing around wondering how they can rescue their craft

REINFORCING THE CANADIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE: Yet another batch of Canadian soldiers arrived last week at a West Coast port. They lined the rails of the troopship, eager to get a glimpse of England as the vessel slowly berthed

LANDING ON THE WEST COAST: Canadian troops disembarking on arrival in England last week

LINED UP ON THE QUAYSIDE FOR INSPECTION: On arrival these Canadians were greeted by Mr. Anthony Eden, Dominions Secretary, who inspected them before they marched off to their depot. The men were cheered by a huge crowd

BRITAIN'S SONS from OVERSEAS

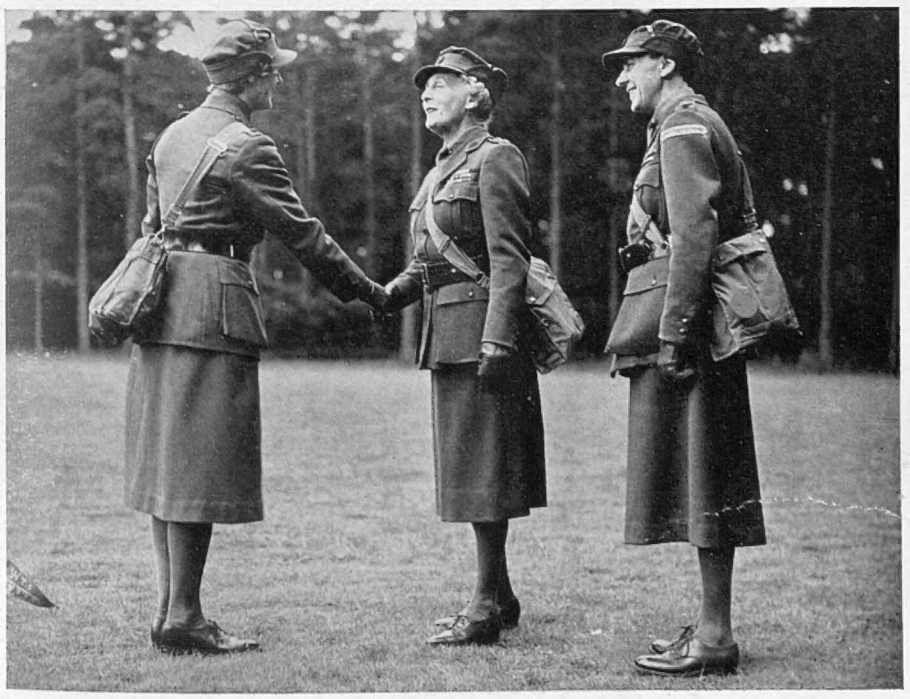
NEWFOUNDLAND'S TROOPS IN CIVVIES: The first battle-front troops from Newfoundland have arrived. They came on the same ship as the Canadians illustrated on this page. They will receive their uniforms and training in this country. Mr. Eden is seen welcoming them on the quayside

These men from Newfoundland will form the Newfoundland Royal Artillery. They were all very keen and some of them threw their hats in the water to mark the end of civilian life till after the war.

FULLY EQUIPPED AND READY FOR ANYTHING: Mr. Anthony Eden speaking to a sergeant of the Canadian contingent as the troops paraded after their long journey. These men are fully equipped and trained

C.-IN-C. OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT: H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught seen while on a recent visit to the Aldershot Command where a Canadian unit is in training. He is seen taking leave of General McNaughton, G.O.C. 1st Canadian Division, and officers of the Royal Canadian Regiment. The Duke is in his ninetieth year

INSPECTION PARADE: H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, in her capacity as Air Commandant of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, recently visited an aerodrome in the Midlands where she inspected members of the W.A.A.F. stationed there



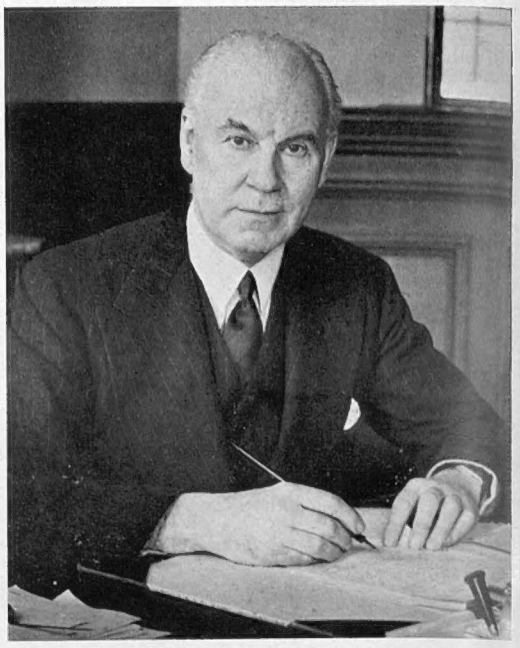
AT THE A.T.S. DRIVING SCHOOL: Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who is Commander-in-Chief of the Women's Transport Service, shaking hands with the Countess of Brecknock when she visited the Auxiliary Territorial Service Motor Driving School at Camberley, Surrey

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER'S VISIT TO THE MIDLANDS: Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester being shown round an aerodrome somewhere in the Midlands by Group Captain Grenfell

THE QUEEN AT DUDLEY HOUSE: Her Majesty seen when she paid a visit to Dudley House, Park Lane, the Dudley House Committee's depot for gifts from America to Great Britain. The Committee distributes the gifts sent by American societies for civilian relief and hospital supplies. Among the latest consignments are supplies to be passed on to the Norwegian Comforts Fund

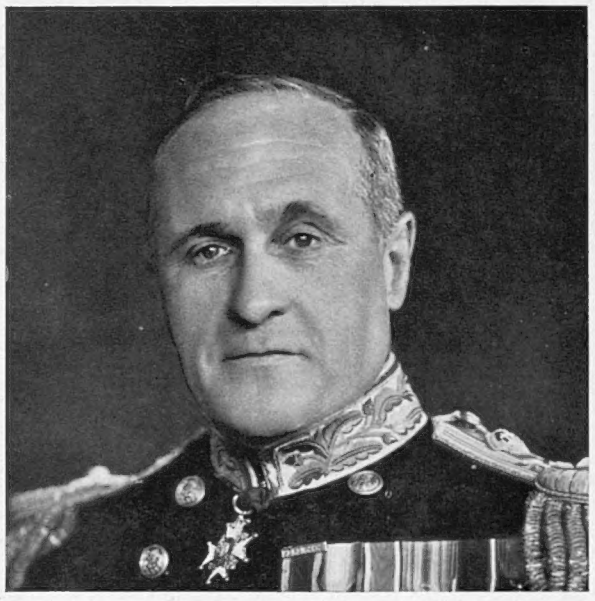
ROYAL ACTIVITIES in WAR-TIME

THE THREE NEW VICE-CHIEFS OF STAFF ATTEND THEIR FIRST MEETING: To relieve the war strain on Chiefs of Staff, the Government have appointed three Vice-Chiefs for the Fighting Services: these are General Sir John G. Dill, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff; Vice-Admiral Tom S. V. Phillips, at present Deputy-Chief; and Air-Marshal R. E. C. Peirse, Vice-Chief of Air Staff. The respective ages of these three men are fifty-eight, fifty-two and forty-eight. It is intended that the Vice-Chiefs will, in the absence of their superiors, attend War Cabinet meetings. All have practical experience of war—Sir John Dill (who since October has commanded the 1st Corps of the B.E.F.) as a Staff Officer in the years 1914-1918; Air-Marshal Peirse with the R.N.A.S., when he was awarded the D.S.O.; and Vice-Admiral Phillips as Lieutenant and Navigating Officer



THE NEW FINANCIAL SECRETARY TO THE WAR OFFICE: Sir Edward Grigg, who has been appointed to succeed Sir Victor Warrender, joins the War Office from the Ministry of Information. He has had a most distinguished career—he was Military Secretary to the Prince of Wales in Canada, Australia and New Zealand in 1919, Governor and C.-in-C. of Kenya Colony, 1925-31, and Chairman of the Milk Reorganisation Commission

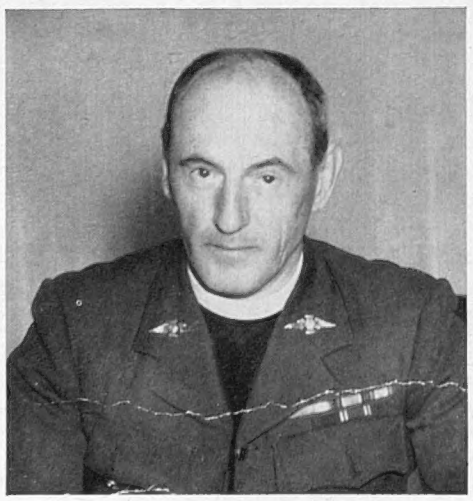
LIEUT.-GENERAL C. N. F. BROAD, TANK PIONEER, IS PROMOTED: After acting as G.O.C.-in-chief of the Aldershot Command, General Broad has been appointed G.O.C.-in-chief of the Eastern Command, India. Now fifty-seven years of age, he was one of the pioneers of mechanised warfare in the British Army, having been Colonel Commandant of the Royal Tank Corps since 1939. General Broad first entered the Army in the Royal Artillery in 1905



THE NEW C.-IN-C. OF THE CHINA STATION: Vice-Admiral Geoffrey Layton, C.B., D.S.O., who is succeeding Admiral Sir Percy L. H. Noble, K.C.B., C.V.O., in July next. He has been in command of the 1st Battle Squadron and Second in Command of the Mediterranean Fleet since 1939. He is fifty-six years of age

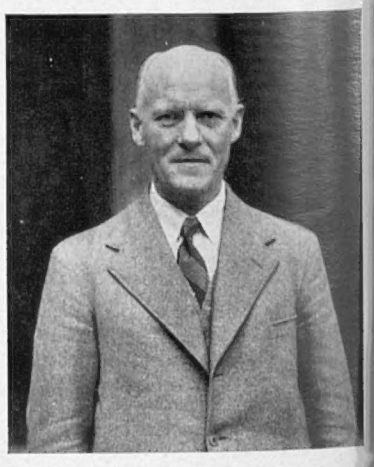
SIR CHARLES CRAVEN JOINS THE AIR COUNCIL: Formerly Chairman of Vickers-Armstrong, the immensely powerful industrial concern and armament manufacturers, Sir Charles has now dissociated himself from the control of that vast combine in order to become Civil Member for Development and Production on the Air Council. The whole of his time will be devoted to this work. Sir Charles Craven is a retired Commander, R.N., and is fifty-five years of age

THE CHAPLAIN-GENERAL TO THE FORCES: The Rev. Charles Douglas Symons, M.C., D.D. In the last war he served in the ranks as a stretcher-bearer. He is so popular that he is known as the "Tommies' chaplain." His M.C. was awarded for conspicuous bravery in saving men and horses



THE NEW CHAPLAIN-IN-CHIEF TO THE R.A.F.: The Rev. Maurice Henry Edwards, who has just succeeded the Rev. James Rowland Walkey, is already at work at his new post. During the last war he served as a chaplain to the Royal Navy, transferring to the Royal Air Force in 1918

A NORWEGIAN STAFF OFFICER IN LONDON: Staff Officers of the Norwegian Forces have now arrived in London and are making contact with the Allies to help smash the Nazi menace in Norway. Here is seen Commander Johs Espeland Jacobsen of the Royal Norwegian Navy leaving his hotel to visit the Admiralty to discuss plans



THE NORWEGIAN JUDGE WHO MADE GERMAN PARACHUTE TROOPS SURRENDER: Now in London, Judge Arne Sunde, an infantry major of the Reserve, left Oslo on skis as soon as he heard of the German invasion, travelling 35 miles a day. On the fourth day, near Dombaas, he came upon Norwegian troops whose two officers and forty-seven other ranks had been taken prisoner by German parachute troops. Major Sunde immediately organised a force and attacked the farmhouse where the parachute troops had taken refuge. The Germans ultimately surrendered: Major Sunde then handed over to the released officers and continued on his journey

WAR PERSONALITIES IN TO-DAY'S NEWS

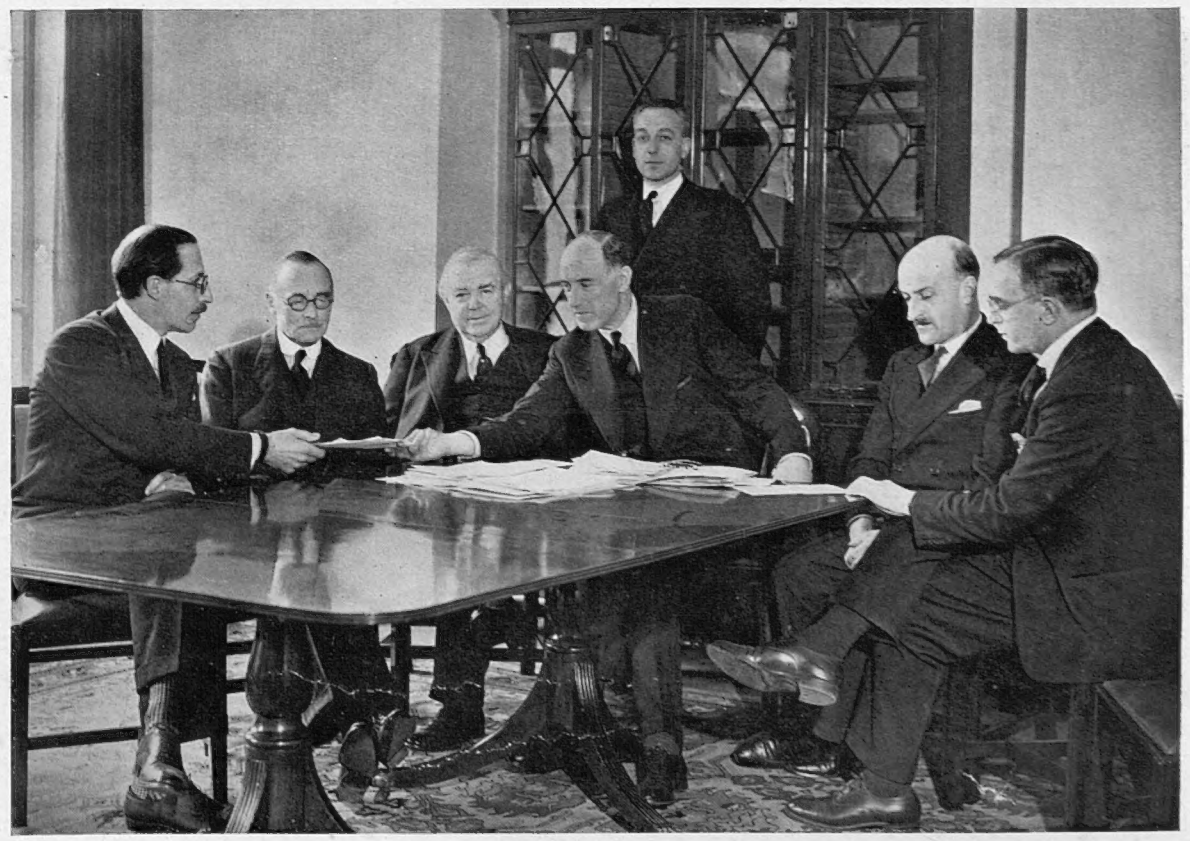
THE COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN NORWAY—MAJOR-GENERAL CARTON DE WIART, V.C.

On left—
MAJOR-GENERAL CARTON DE WIART, V.C., who is in command of the main British forces at Trondheim, is a sixty-year-old soldier who distinguished himself greatly in the last war. He was wounded nine times (he had already been wounded twice in the Boer War), lost an arm and an eye and was awarded the V.C. for his heroism. Last September he was in command of the British Military Mission to Poland; but managed to escape into Rumania just ahead of the invading German and Russian troops. He was born in Brussels, but his career has been devoted to Britain. His personal bravery is a by-word in military circles

On right—
THE CAPTAIN OF THE "WARSPITE": Captain V. A. C. Crutchley, V.C., D.S.C., on board the vessel which he commanded during the daring attack on Narvik on April 13. He has been in command of H.M.S. *Warspite* since 1937. His record in the last war was most distinguished. The battle of Jutland saw him on board H.M.S. *Centurion*, and he was aboard H.M.S. *Brilliant* when the attempt was made to block Ostend Harbour on April 22-23, 1918. It was on this occasion that he was awarded the D.S.C. He gained the Victoria Cross on a similar attempt in May of that year aboard H.M.S. *Vindictive*. Prior to commanding the *Warspite* Captain Crutchley was Captain of the Fishery Protection and Minesweeping Flotilla

CAPTAIN ROBERT LOSEY, U.S. ATTACHE IN NORWAY (KILLED BY A BOMB SPLINTER), WITH MRS. BORDEN HARRIMAN, U.S. MINISTER TO NORWAY

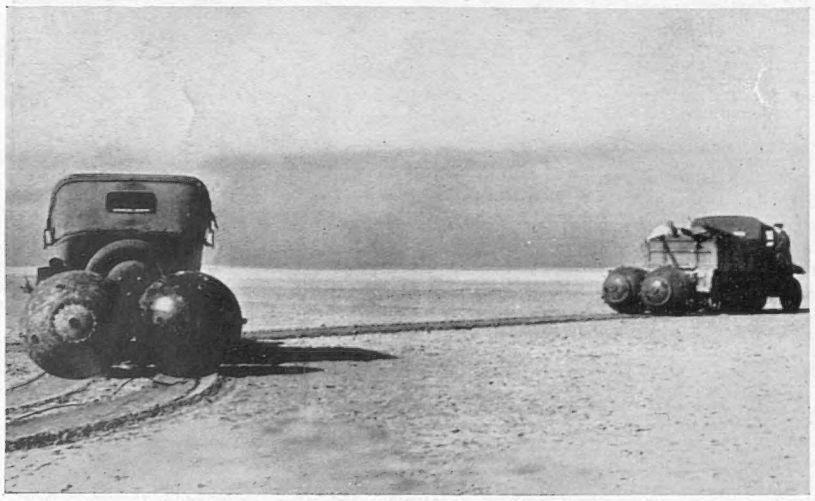
SIR CECIL DORMER, BRITISH AMBASSADOR TO NORWAY, READY TO LEAVE ELVERUM WITH HIS WIFE, AFTER NAZI BOMBING RAIDS



THE NEW BRITISH "FIRM" WHICH IS TO BID FOR NAZI TRADE IN THE BALKANS: The whole of the Government's resources are being put behind a new company which has been formed to capture the trade of the Balkans away from the Germans, who have been making efforts in that part of the world. Called The United Kingdom Commercial Corporation, it is the first national trading company to be set up in the country, and the first Board meeting was held in London recently. Above are seen the directors at the meeting. From left to right—Mr. J. H. Hambro, Mr. G. St. Q. Beasley, Mr. A. Chester Beatty, Viscount Swinton (Chairman), Mr. C. P. Lister, and Mr. F. H. Nixon. Standing behind is Mr. G. H. Gunson, secretary

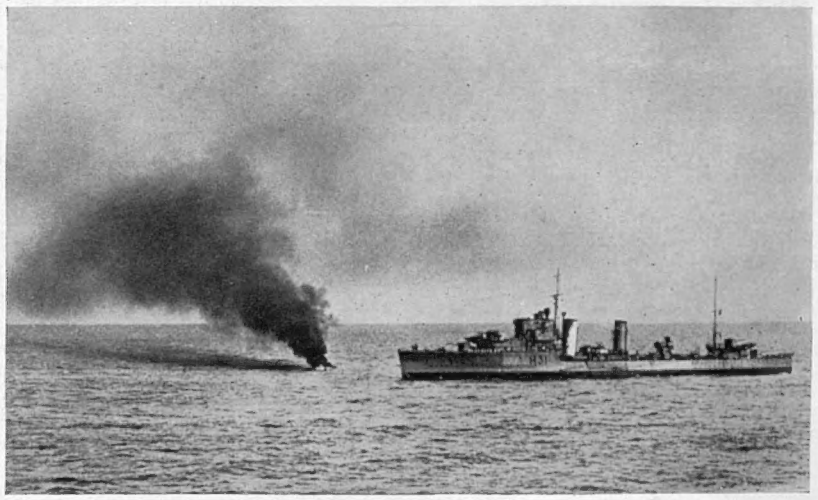
BOAT DRILL ON BOARD A BRITISH TROOPSHIP TO NORWAY

Wearing their lifebelts, these men of the North-Western Expeditionary Force to Norway line the crowded decks of the troopship for boat drill. Despite florid tales from German sources, the landing of British troops has proceeded smoothly and safely and entirely according to schedule. Many thousands of British and French troops, excellently equipped and prepared, have disembarked and moved silently and efficiently to their various points of action



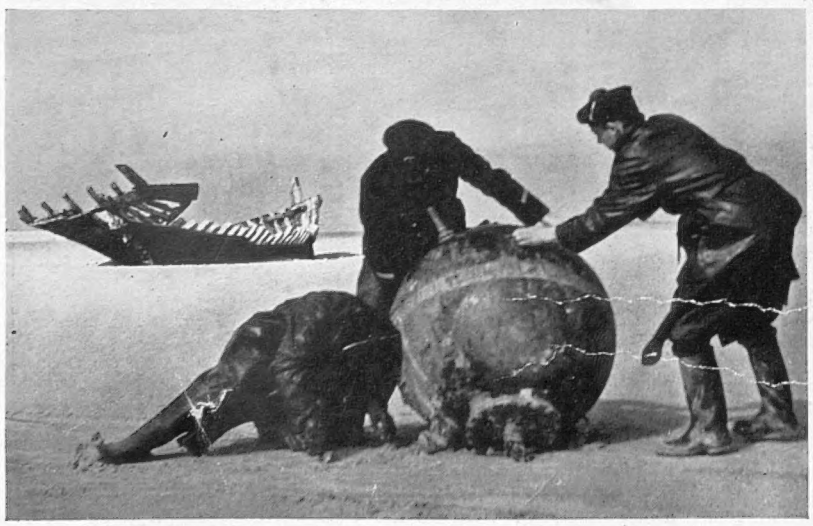
DEALING WITH THE GERMAN MINE MENACE

German mines being towed away to the naval centres after being rendered harmless by French Marines who travel over the beaches of the French coast searching for mines that are washed ashore during the night



THE END OF A MARAUDING HEINKEL

A remarkable picture showing the burning remains of a German Heinkel bomber which was shot down in the North Sea by British fighter planes. A British destroyer is standing by during the search for survivors



DANGEROUS JETSAM OF THE WAR

French naval experts engaged in the perilous task of rendering harmless a Nazi mine washed ashore somewhere on the coast of France. After further investigation at a naval centre these mines are re-loaded and used in the Allied cause

RESCUING THE FALLEN ENEMY

A life-boat containing a rescue party has put off from a British destroyer to search the sea for any survivors from the German Heinkel bomber which can be seen burning furiously on the water. This primary humanitarian rule has always been scrupulously followed by the British Navy even in the face of flagrant Nazi violations of it

ITALY in the AIR

The Potentialities of the *Regia Aeronautica*

By CHARLES G. GREY
(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

ITALY seems to be rather a focus of interest in air affairs at the moment. As there has been so much talk of Italy coming into the war on one side or the other, Italy's Air Force naturally attracts attention.

At the time of the Abyssinian trouble Italy's Air Force was thought so considerable by our Admiralty that the British Mediterranean Fleet was collected in Alexandria Harbour, where it would be farther away from any possible massed bombing by the *Regia Aeronautica*, which is the official name for the Italian Air Force, than it would have been in Malta. And the defence of Malta against occupation by the Italians was left to the Army and the Royal Air Force.

Signor Mussolini has been keen on building a first-class Air Force ever since he came into power. He learned to fly so that he might know all about the Air Force himself, and he is a very good steady pilot of the heavy-bomber type. I know, because I have flown with him in his pet bomber, a three-motor Savoia-Marchetti rigged up as a comfortable, though not luxurious, passenger carrier.

During the war 1914–18, the Italians had several fine turn fighting pilots. Major Baracca, killed in action, Major Piccio, until recently Italian Air Attaché in Paris, were the equal of any belligerent pilot. The average level of Italian pilots was not considered high, but that was probably because the Italian Air Force was younger than the Air Forces of the other belligerents. And yet Italy was very much in the forefront in the earliest days of aviation.

In the International Competitions of 1911 and 1912 Italian pilots did very well. On the scientific side Lieutenants Guidoni and Calderara, both of the Italian Navy, developed ideas in water-planes which still have great possibilities.

Incidentally, the Guidoni Palettes (or hydro-vanes) suggested to Lieutenant Dennistoun Burney, R.N., certain experiments in getting seaplanes off the water which during the war 1914–18 were switched over to the invention of the paravane which brought to Lieutenant Burney a fortune and eventually a well deserved knighthood.

After the war 1914–18 and the coming of the Fascist regime, the Italian Air Force made enormous strides, thanks largely to General Balbo, now Marshal Balbo and Governor of Tripoli. With a fleet of Savoia seaplanes he flew from Italy across France to England and so to the United States. Later, with another fleet of Savoias he flew to a Portuguese possession on the west coast of Africa, and thence across the South Atlantic to Brazil and Argentina. From North America he and his fleet came back by the Azores, but in South America they sold their machines and came back by boat. Colonel Biani, the new Air Attaché at the Italian Embassy in London, was one of General Balbo's pilots on those historic occasions.

Several Italian aeroplanes with Italian crews have set up world flying records. For many years an Italian seaplane held the world's record for speed, and long distance weight-carrying records have been held over and over again by Italian machines.

The Savoia-Marchetti three-engined bomber of to-day is, on figures and by proof of performances, one of the best in the world. Three of these machines, one of them piloted by Il Duce's son, Bruno Mussolini, flew from Italy to the west coast of Africa and thence across the South Atlantic to Brazil. Numbers of them on floats, manned by Italians operating from Majorca during the Spanish Civil War, consistently bombed the harbours of Barcelona and Valencia, and other harbours on the east coast of Spain. Squadrons of them operating from land aerodromes in Central Spain, under the command of the Infante Alfonso, King Alfonso's cousin, manned by Spanish aviators and led in more than 200 raids by the Infante himself, who was more than fifty years of age, did great execution against the Reds.

The statement has been made that the front-line strength of the Italian Air Force is believed to be about 2,000 machines "but that it is not equipped completely with really modern bombers and fighters." That might be said of any air force. Certainly no aeroplanes have so far been put into action by any of the belligerents in the present war which are less than two years old as types, and some of them are five or six years old. The Germans are using in Norway a lot of troop carriers and bombers which are at least ten years old. And the modernised Savoia-Marchetti bombers, although they have three engines, are not surpassed by anything except our most modern bombers, and they are better than the German bombers. Added to which they are built chiefly of wood and steel tubing, which makes them very cheap and quick to produce.

R.A.F. ARMY CO-OPERATION

A number of squadrons of the Royal Air Force have been specially assigned to Army Co-operation duties and the personnel are specially trained in the work it entails. They are the "eyes" of the artillery, spotting the fall of shot and reporting any errors to the battery. In the above picture an Army Liaison Officer is seen giving instructions to a pilot *On right*—

A Westland Lysander, with its unusual range of speed, is one of the special aircraft employed in Army Co-operation work. One of the tasks is, in emergency, to drop supplies to troops; and the airmen are seen closing the special container containing food and supplies

The latest Italian types, such as the Breda twin-motor bomber, the Caproni twin-motor bomber, the new Fiat single-seat fighters and twin-motor bombers, the Macchi monoplane fighter, the big Piaggio twin-motor bombers, are just about as good as anything that anybody else has. Naturally our own machines which are coming along in the same categories are better than those which Italy has at the moment.

The statement published recently that the output of Italian aeroplanes is limited by the lack of raw material is certainly true. Italy can get from Yugoslavia any amount of magnesite with which to make magnesium alloys, and can probably get quantities of fine iron ore and other essential metals from Spain. But somebody has to pay for such things.

Italian mechanics, as every keen motorist knows, are among the finest in the world, and the way their aircraft and motors are turned out proves the statement. Their aircraft factories are beautifully equipped. Italy is one of the few countries in which the artist-artisan still exists. Anybody who has seen an Italian workman at work on a racing motor car or an important aeroplane can understand why Italian mechanical products are so good. But quality will not entirely make up for lack of quantity and there seems no doubt that for a couple of years past the Italian aircraft factories have not been working to full capacity. Certainly they have not been driven at full blast as have the aircraft factories of this country and of Germany.

Although full credit for the building up of the Italian Air Force must be given to Marshal Balbo who was Under Secretary of State for Air (Mussolini himself was Secretary of State) in the early days, on the technical side much credit must be given to General Guidoni (formerly lieutenant in the navy), for whom the great technical experimental station Guidonia was named, after he had been killed by a parachute which did not open, close to what is now the Guidonia aerodrome.

When Marshal Balbo was made Governor of Tripoli, General Valle took command of the *Regia Aeronautica*, with General Ilari in charge of the Air Ministry itself. Under him the Italian Air Force has reached a high state of efficiency both in flying ability and equipment. When he reached the limit of his term as Under Secretary he was appointed chief of a big enterprise which was formed to extract minerals from the Albanian mountains. The same optimism which characterised his work, often in difficult circumstances, in the *Regia Aeronautica* should be of high value. He has been succeeded by General Pricolo, an officer who is little known outside of the *Regia Aeronautica* itself, but is highly regarded by those in it.

THREE MUSKETEERS OF THE AIR: Three Norwegian airmen who established a secret seaplane base of their own and who ran the gauntlet of Nazi bullets to reach Britain. Warned that German destroyers were coming up a fiord to their hide-out they took off, defying enemy warships and anti-aircraft guns, and flew the North Sea. Their plane was riddled with bullet-holes when they arrived. The base they established in Norway was right in the heart of German-occupied territory but it was so cleverly chosen that they were able to harry German convoys for a fortnight before the invading forces discovered them. Villagers kept their secret and supplied them with petrol and food. The airmen plotted their course from a very small, general map in the local schoolroom. They are seen after they landed safely at a Scottish port

THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE ON ITS WAY TO NORWAY

Great Liners of the Allied Powers Sailing into a Norwegian Fiord

Drawn for
"The Sphere"
by
Montague Dawson

After rumours of British landings in Norway had circulated from Stockholm during the second week of April, there came a first official announcement on April 15 from the Admiralty and the War Office—very laconic but pregnant with possibilities—stating that "British forces have now landed at several points in Norway." This was quickly followed by a second announcement that the troops had disembarked and were being reinforced, that famous liners of the Allied countries had been employed in this work and that the first contingents included Canadian units trained in mountain warfare. On 21st, an official Norwegian communiqué stated that British forces were fighting in Eastern Norway and it was suggested that a landing had taken place at Andalsnes at the head of the Romsdal Fiord; later it became evident that a landing had also taken place at Namsos, a busy timber port reached by way of Namden Fiord. The landing of British and French troops was accomplished without any loss of vessel or men. In the roughish April weather this was a great accomplishment, the navigation of big liners packed with troops being no light task for the officers on the bridge. Mr. Montague Dawson depicts a scene which is typical of the armed convoys which have been threading their way to the little ports and quays at the fiord heads

GERMANY'S WAR on NEUTRALS

GERMAN TERRORISM AGAINST MERCHANT SHIPPING DURING RECENT MONTHS It has included all vessels trading with Britain. This war on neutrals has not excluded Italy, as will be seen by the chart given on the opposite page

THE ferocity of Hitler's policy of piracy on the high seas seems to have spent itself somewhat lately. The first week in April showed the lowest weekly British tonnage loss due to enemy action since the beginning of the war, with one trawler of 208 tons sunk by aircraft. Even the neutrals lost only one ship in that week, and that a Norwegian—the *Navarra*, of 2,118 tons.

If failing in quantity of their sinkings, the Nazis excelled in the shameless treachery of this case. The Chief of the German Naval Staff had not long ago specifically promised the representative of the Norwegian Shipowners' Association that "Norwegian vessels on voyage from Great Britain with coal, or other similar cargoes, will not be attacked by German naval forces unless in convoy, but may be examined."

The *Navarra* was carrying coal from Swansea to Oslo. Her nationality was painted large on her sides and fully illuminated. She was not travelling in convoy, but alone; she steered a steady course and did not use her wireless, thereby complying with the conditions of the German undertaking. At 2.30 a.m. on April 6, without the slightest warning, this vessel was ruthlessly torpedoed by a German submarine, and sank in two minutes.

The crew rushed for the boats, one of which capsized in trying to get clear. Only four men from the capsized boat could be saved by the other boat. All the officers and nine of the crew were killed. The U-boat remained on the scene for half an hour, gloating on their helpless victims. The men from the capsized boat were struggling in the water while those in the other lifeboat tried to rescue them.

The crew of the U-boat made no attempt to assist in the rescue. It then made off, leaving fourteen men to their fate in an open boat far from land, and buffeted by a strong wind and rough seas. The *Navarra's* remaining lifeboat was eventually sighted by a British patrolling aircraft which, by signals, attracted a Finnish steamer which left her course and rescued the crew. This is only one of several incredible examples of German brutality. Only three days later the German pirates invaded Norway by treacherous methods. One might almost imagine the former event to have been some inkling of Hitler's diabolical intentions towards that peaceful country to which he had promised his "protection."

Seven and a half months of the war have now passed, and it has been a bad time at sea for the neutrals, particularly the Scandinavian group—Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Holland. For the first two months, as might be expected, British merchant shipping came in for the brunt of the Nazi's fury, as developed by U-boats, ubiquitous mines and aircraft.

But the resources of our Navy and Merchant Service shattered the attacks with such effect that the Germans found it safer, as all bullies do, to create a reign of terror among the weak, unarmed and unconvoyed neutrals trading with us.

The neutral losses rose rapidly, as is shown in the first table.

For the whole seven and a half months the total neutral losses amounted to about 512,000 tons, as against 756,000 tons lost by the Allies, who are, after all, the real enemy of Hitler's boundless ambition, making a grand total of 1,268,000 tons. The neutrals, who were not at war, or able to retaliate, had no quarrel with Germany, and were carrying on their normal peaceful trade functions, suffered 40 per cent. of this total, besides the brutal slaughter of over 1,000 of their brave sailors in the most distressing circumstances. In the worst period of unrestricted submarine warfare of 1917, for a corresponding period, the neutrals' losses amounted to 33 per cent. of the total.

In relation to tonnage owned by the neutrals, the losses of the Scandinavian group have so far been as set out in the second table. Norway has lost the greatest number of ships.

For the replacement of such losses these neutrals were not able, as the Allies have done, to replace by capture of Germany's ships, and could only charter to a limited extent. Their rate of building new tonnage was not great. Taking the average of the last three years, their capacity for seven and a half months would be as shown in the third table. From this it will be seen that the worst sufferer, Norway, was the least able to replace with new tonnage. Two of the above nations will now have little chance of making up their losses, and the third may not have any before long.

Those neutral ships which accepted our offer of convoy were much more fortunate, and the increasing use of such protection probably accounted for much of the decrease of losses during the last few weeks, though that may not altogether be unaffected by the accumulation of U-boats, mines and aircraft for the pre-determined attack on Norway and Denmark. At present the risk of neutral losses when in British convoy is only 1 in 800.

Month 1939	Tonnage sunk	Month 1940	Tonnage sunk
September - -	33,451	January - -	96,612
October - -	47,290	February - -	91,583
November - -	103,578	March - -	49,886
December - -	84,478	April (half) -	21,362

HOW NEUTRAL LOSSES ROSE TO A PEAK IN NOVEMBER

Country	Ships lost	Tonnage	Ships owned	Tonnage	Per cent. Tonnage lost
				At Jan., 1940	
Norway	47	113,769	1,959	4,737,555	2·4
Sweden	34	78,680	1,210	1,539,813	5·1
Denmark	27	64,109	736	1,171,128	5·45
				At June, 1939	
Holland	19	83,851	1,523	2,970,000	2·8
Another big sufferer has been—					
Greece	15	71,798	607	1,781,000	4·0

TONNAGE LOST BY NEUTRALS; WITH NORWAY THE GREATEST LOSER

	Norway Tons	Sweden Tons	Denmark Tons
Total losses to date - -	113,769	78,680	64,109
Building capacity - -	25,000	90,000	58,000

THE BUILDING CAPACITY OF THE THREE SCANDINAVIAN LANDS

THE STERN HALF OF THE "IMPERIAL TRANSPORT" TAKEN SAFELY IN DOCK

A curious feature of the attack on shipping by the German submarines has been the number of vessels broken completely in two. The stern half frequently floats and, on occasion, has been brought into harbour after some very tricky navigation

THE BOW OF THE MERCHANT STEAMER "PROTESILAUS" WHICH BROKE IN TWO AFTER A VIOLENT EXPLOSION OFF THE SOUTH-WEST COAST

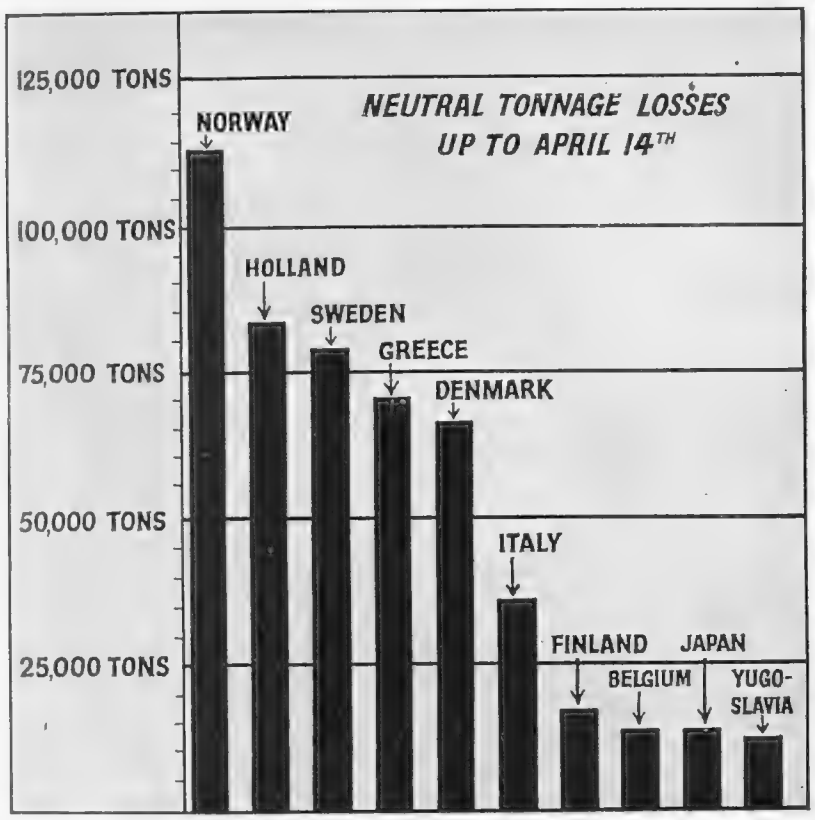
SHIPPING

A Review of the Losses Suffered by the Neutrals in the German Attacks on All Merchant Shipping Trading with Great Britain for the First Seven and a Half Months of the War to Date

Not only have the poor persecuted neutrals suffered loss of ships, cargoes and men, but their ports have had their share of war's paralysing hand. For example, Antwerp, where during 1938-39 vessels entered at an average rate of about 1,000 a month, has, since September last, had a monthly average of only 340 vessels, representing a drop of two-thirds, or about 66 per cent., in this traffic. For the first six months of the war only 2,011 vessels of 3,030,000 tons arrived, as compared with 5,988 ships of 10,380,000 tons in the corresponding period of 1938-39.

Since the carefully-prepared invasion of Norway and Denmark by Hitler's hordes the shipping position in those two countries must be very adversely affected —those ships in home ports at the time commandeered, or controlled, by the enemy, and those on the high seas making for the nearest neutral or friendly Allied ports to be either laid up for the duration or transferred to the Allied flag, where they will at least be allowed to carry on with a considerable degree of protection if not of prosperity.

The increased profits which they made during 1939–40 will soon be wiped out. Their shipyards and materials, now in the hands of unscrupulous robbers, will be turned over to increase the power of the German war machine, with little hope of the slightest compensation from either friend or foe when the ghastly devastation of the most brutal of all wars will have been finally completed.



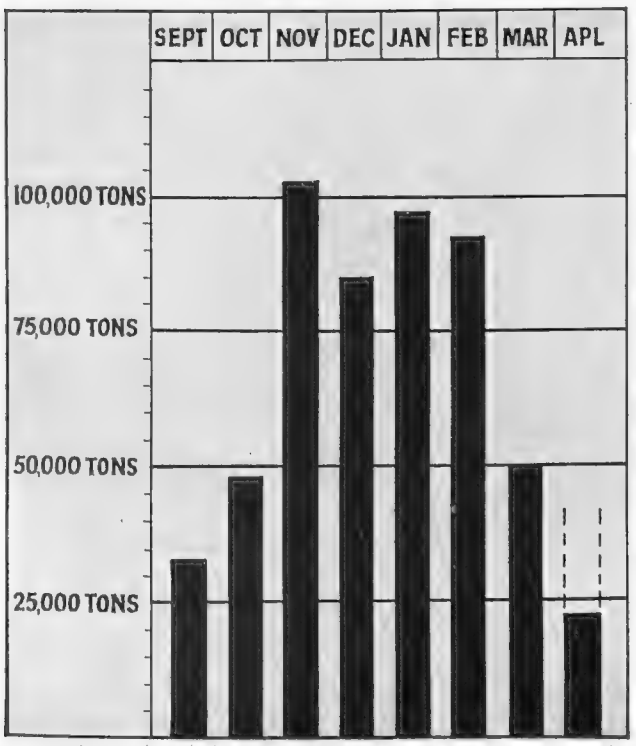
MERCHANT TONNAGE LOST TO THE NEUTRALS SINCE WAR STARTED

NORWAY HAS BEEN THE HEAVIEST LOSER OF THE NEUTRALS

She has lost forty-seven ships, totalling 113,769 tons. Denmark has the highest percentage of loss. Here the crew of the Norwegian steamer *Tautra* are seen returning to their ship

ITALY HAS NOT BEEN EXEMPTED FROM ATTACK BY GERMAN AIRMEN

The *Amelia Lauro* was heavily bombed in the North Sea. Captain Massimelcano is here seen talking to two British naval officers



THE AMOUNT OF TONNAGE LOST MONTH BY MONTH

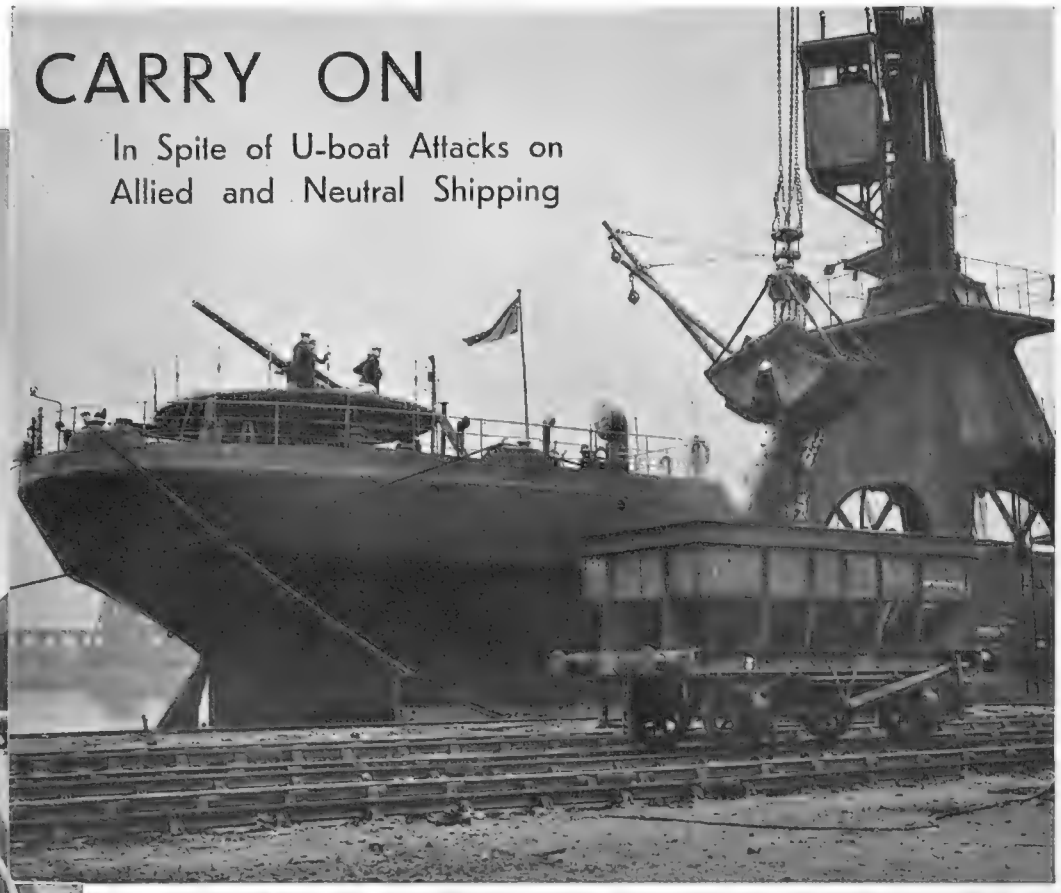
BELGIUM HAS NOT LOST SO HEAVILY IN TONNAGE AS SOME OF THE OTHER NEUTRALS

Here the Belgian steamer *Flandres*, bound for Montevidèo, is seen in a sunken condition off the East Coast

BRITISH DOCKS CARRY ON

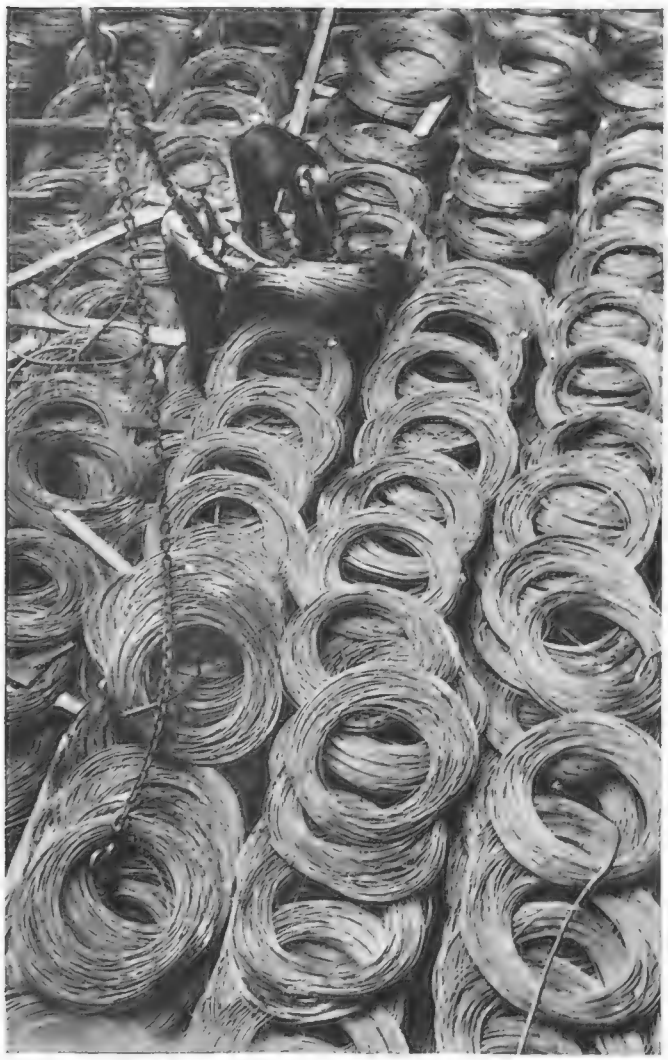
In Spite of U-boat Attacks on Allied and Neutral Shipping

STEEL FROM AUSTRALIA: Bars of sheet steel being loaded into railway trucks direct from the hold of the ship. Convoys are arriving regularly despite Nazi attempts at blockading



IRON ORE FROM NEWFOUNDLAND: Some of the finest quality of iron ore comes from Newfoundland, whence it is safely convoyed to this country. It is being transferred from the ship to the wagons to continue its journey to the smelting works, to be eventually converted into armaments

EXCHANGE CARGOES: A ship which not many hours before had arrived loaded with raw materials at a British port is here seen taking on board tanks, motor lorries and motor cycles which it will convey to the British Expeditionary Force



WIRE FROM CANADA: Coils of steel wire neatly stowed in the hold of the merchantman ready to be unloaded. Dock workers are handling many thousands of tons of imports arriving at British ports from our colonies and elsewhere every day of the week

DOMINION TIMBER ARRIVES: Visual proof that the Navy is keeping the trade routes to this country open for all ships is this load of Canadian timber being rafted after being brought here by a neutral ship. The latest official returns show that trade is being maintained at practically its normal level at all British ports

THE FIRING of a BIG GUN

This special section takes the reader a stage forward in the process of fighting a big battleship. Previous sections have shown the methods of Range Finding and Director Control, bringing us down to the moment when the actual firing occurs. This section explains what then happens

THE manner in which the big guns of a man-of-war are directed to their target from distant positions by means of elaborate range-finding gear, and are then fired in salvos by pressing a button in the control station, has already been described, but that, of course, is only the final stage of the proceedings. There are many other stages which have to be very carefully considered by the Gunnery (Ordnance) Branch of the Admiralty, and it is this careful consideration which has given the assurance, clearly demonstrated in the River Plate action, that British naval gunnery can be compared with any in the world. A full description of naval gunnery at the present time would come into the realms of higher mathematics, but it is sufficient for general purposes to describe what is done when the gunnery officers in the control positions press the firing key, and why it has all come about. It is a matter of very rapid scientific development in little more than a quarter of a century.

The 16-in. guns mounted in the *Nelson* and *Rodney* fire a shell weighing 2,461 lb., considerably more than a ton, and the charge of cordite which drives it weighs 640 lb., so that it is obvious that both propellant and shell have to be handled by power; it would be quite impossible to move them by hand. Many navies favour electrical power for their guns, but although the Royal Navy has not rejected this entirely it still prefers hydraulic appliances whose absolute reliability has been well proved. The shell comes up from below the armoured deck, and is rammed into the breech of the gun, whose after part is called the chamber, and is specially strengthened to withstand the shock of the discharge. The cordite propellant follows the shell, wrapped in silk bags and divided into sections for easy handling in action as well as for practising with reduced charges. The cordite propellant as it was originally invented in the early '90's consisted of 58 per cent. nitro-glycerine, 37 per cent. gun-cotton and 5 per cent. mineral jelly, which was normally vaseline. It has since been altered to contain less nitro-glycerine and more gun-cotton, and greatly improved results have been obtained. The new formula secures slower burning of the charge, higher velocity of the shell, more regular pressure of the charge on the base of the shell and a lower temperature in combustion, which means very much less strain on the gun and less erosion of the rifling. Some navies favour nitro-cellulose propellants without any nitro-glycerine, as giving a still lower temperature, but the British Service is quite content with the results obtained.

In order to get the utmost effect out of the propellant the gun must be made as long as possible, until it gets too long for the strength of the material and develops a tendency to droop at the muzzle when it has fired a number of rounds. The length is quoted in calibres, the multiple of the bore, and with big guns this is usually limited to 45. A 16-in. 45-calibre gun is, therefore, forty-five times 16-ins. in length, which is about the practical maximum, but medium-sized guns can be built to 50 or 55 calibres.

As has already been described, the range of the gun is regulated by the elevation of its muzzle. The 16-in. gun is so mounted that it can be elevated to 40 degs. for its extreme range of 20 miles and at that its shell goes over 5 miles into the air. That is the extreme range of the gun, but it would seldom if ever be used at anything like it, for the practical range of the gun is limited by visibility, and in the North Sea, at least, that is very seldom more than 15 miles, and not often that. At the Battle of Jutland the 15-in. gun battleships of the Queen Elizabeth class, whose good shooting was proverbial, delivered such a destructive fire at 18,000 yards that they compelled the German battleships to turn away in a hurry.

At that range, and still more so at the extreme 20 miles of the 16-in. guns, the shells naturally descend at a very sharp angle, and the battleship's vertical armour, which is generally by far the thickest, covers such a very small proportion of the danger area that reliance has to be placed on the horizontal armour, and this is much thinner even when it has been increased against air bombs. It is rarely sufficient to keep big armour-piercing shells out.

At the Battle of Jutland the great fault was that the fuses of the British armour-piercing shells were so delicate that they burst on impact, whereas the modern ones have been so improved that they delay their action until the hardened steel point of the shell has penetrated the armour.

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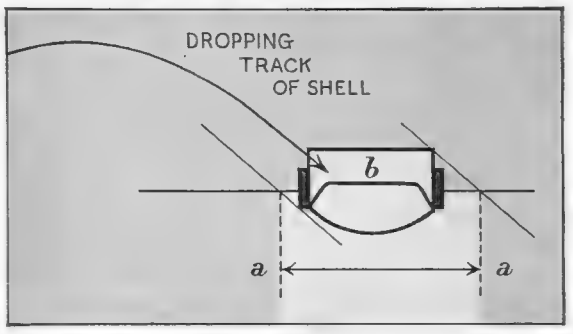
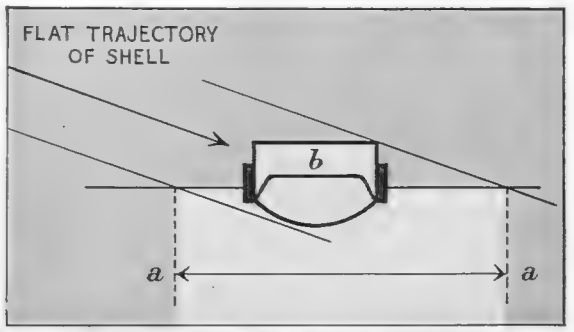
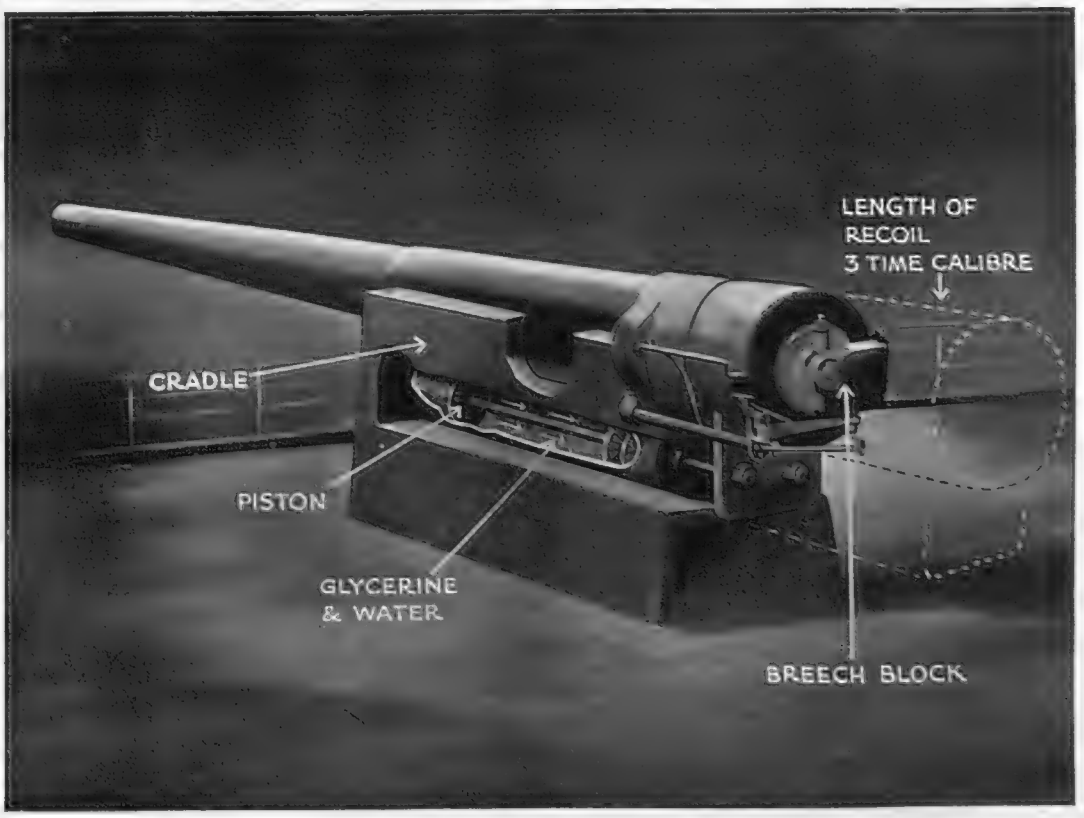


A very long range shot is apt to dodge the protective side armour and drop on to the lighter armour of the deck B. The space between AA indicates the danger area. A flatter trajectory increases the width of the danger area and may just burst under the turret's edge. *See lower diagram*



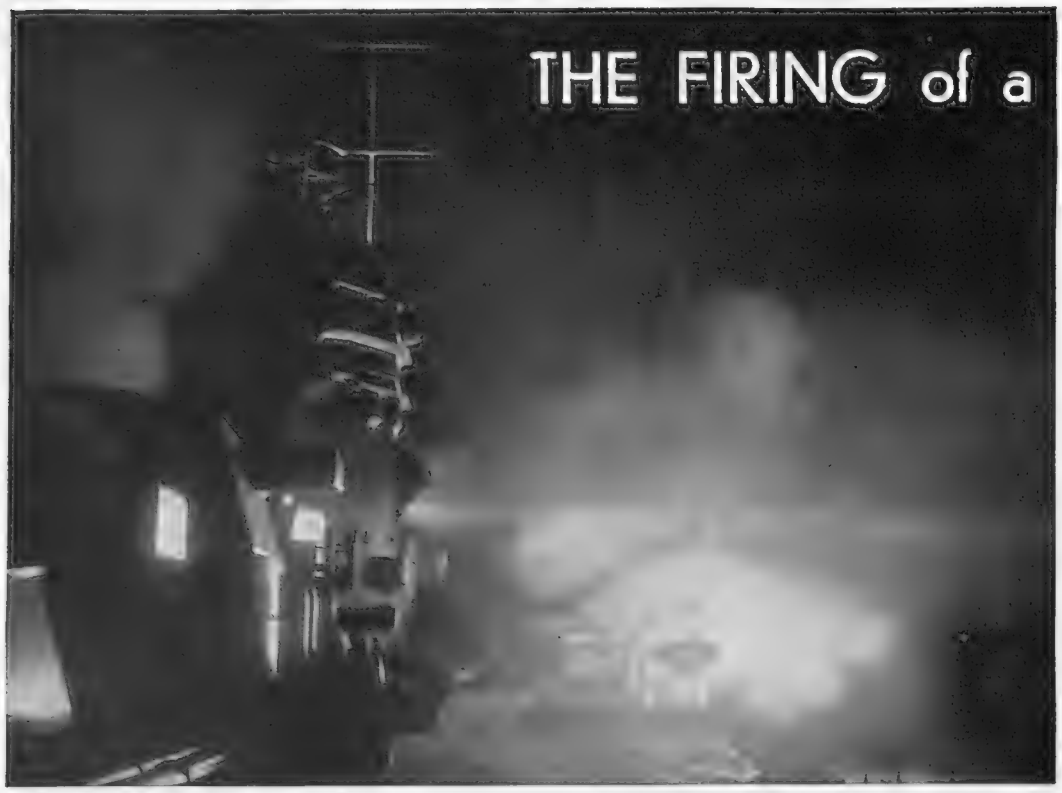
CORDITE, THE PROPELLANT OF A BIG GUN, is placed in silk bags to facilitate handling. This explosive is very sensitive to temperature and the slightest sign of deterioration has to be very carefully watched. Constant experiment has greatly increased the stability of the propellant



A BIG GUN IS FIRMLY FIXED TO ITS CRADLE, WHICH TAKES THE RECOIL: The explosion of 600 lb. of cordite produces a violent push backwards of the gun. This is taken up by cylinders filled with glycerine and water or other substance according to the circumstances in which the pistons work. They are so arranged as to enable the gun to be rapidly relaid

THE FIRING of a BIG GUN

What Follows the Violent Conversion into Gas of the Cordite Propellant



A GUN FLASHES OUT AT NIGHT: It is a wonderful sight to see naval guns in action when the darkness is sufficient to throw up the flash in contrast with the indigo-purple night—a flash of orange and a roar as the big gun sends its 600-lb. shell spinning through the air. The cordite should burn slowly at first, so as to give the shell a continuous but not too violent push

(Continued from previous page)

and then burst where they will do the most damage. Except for anti-aircraft work, the Navy has little use for shrapnel nowadays, although the *Queen Elizabeth* used 15-in. shells of that description in the Dardanelles, but for naval fighting confines itself to common or high explosive and armour-piercing shells, the choice depending on the nature of the target.

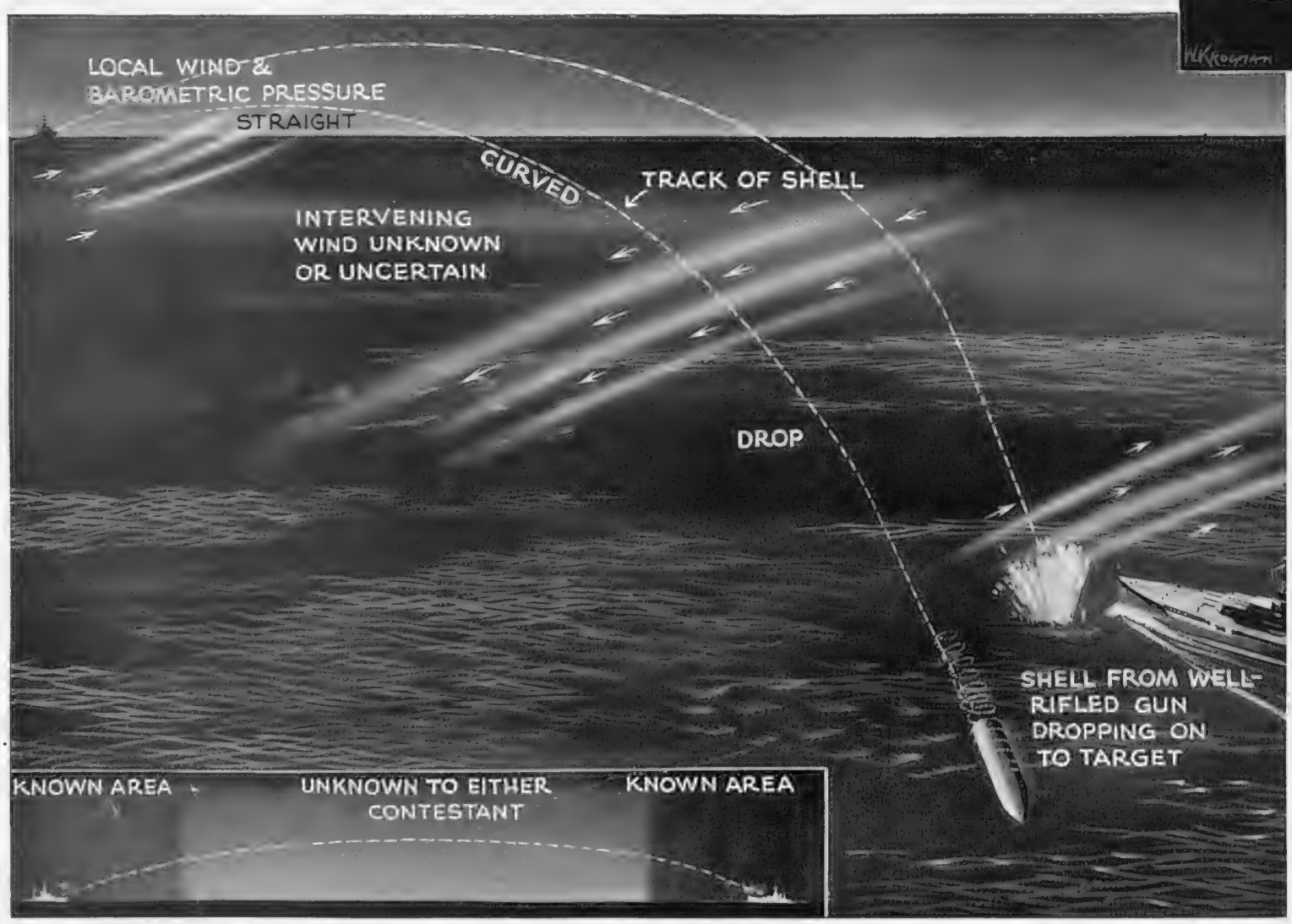
If the rifling of the gun is in good condition it will always keep the shell point forward on its course, and it is obvious that the hardened steel point of the armour-piercing shell will be quite useless if it is not, for poor rifling not only spoils the aim and range but also ruins the effect of the shell by making it hit with the side or bluff of the point—with the worn-out Russian guns at the Battle of Tushima many of their shells alighted stern foremost and naturally failed to do any damage.

Both the propellant (cordite) and the bursting charge of the shell (high explosive) tend to become unstable in time, especially if they have been subjected to high temperatures. During the last war there were a number of disastrous explosions to drive this fact home, so that all explosives are now carefully dated and are constantly put through tests. The slightest deterioration in the propellant, not nearly enough to be a danger to the ship, makes a very big difference to the muzzle velocity and through that to the range, on which accurate shooting depends, but both propellants and bursting charges have been made much more stable since the war as the result of constant experiment so that explosions, or premature bursts, are now most unlikely.

Having been loaded with the appropriate shell and the propelling charge exactly measured, the breech of the gun is closed, the muzzle is elevated to the range given from the control positions, and it is fired electrically. As nothing is left to chance by the Navy, everything is duplicated, and should the current fail there are emergency methods of firing the guns which can be put into operation by the crew in the turret in a matter of seconds.

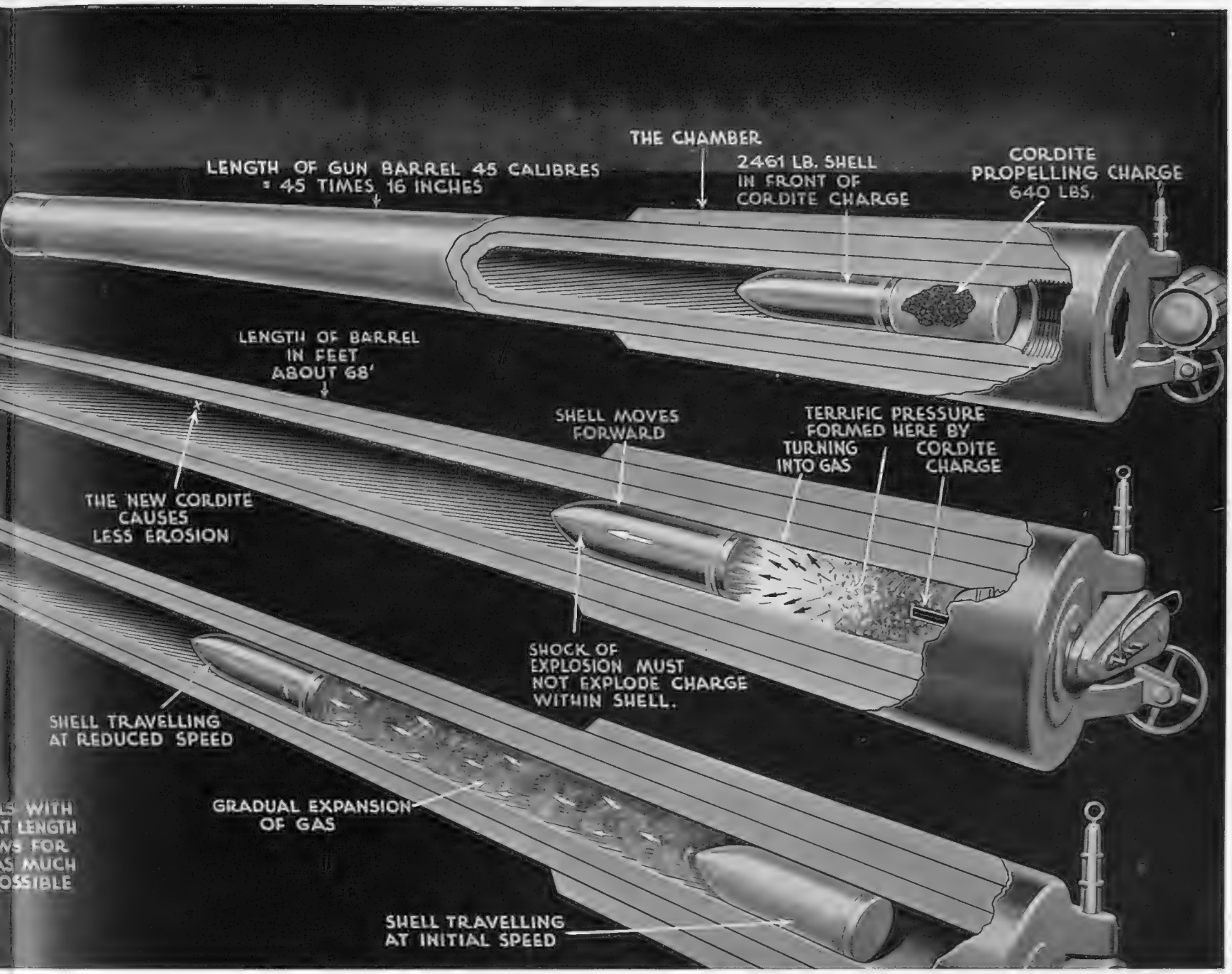
The firing circuit or emergency gear detonates the cordite charge, which is carefully arranged to burn as slowly as possible. This is not only to reduce the shock on the gun and its mounting, but also to assure a steady pressure as long as the projectile is in the gun, while it is being given a rapidly rotating movement by the copper driving bands round its after part engaging in the rifling of the barrel. As soon as it is clear of the muzzle a jet of very highly compressed air is discharged through the barrel to carry away all the cordite gases and also any burning pieces of the silk bags which might set light to the next charge if they dropped into the turret when the breech was opened.

CORDITE INTO GAS: What happens when the propellant is suddenly compelled to turn into gas inside the chamber of a big gun

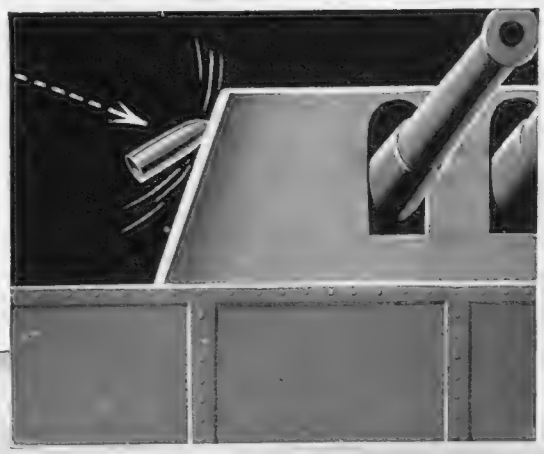


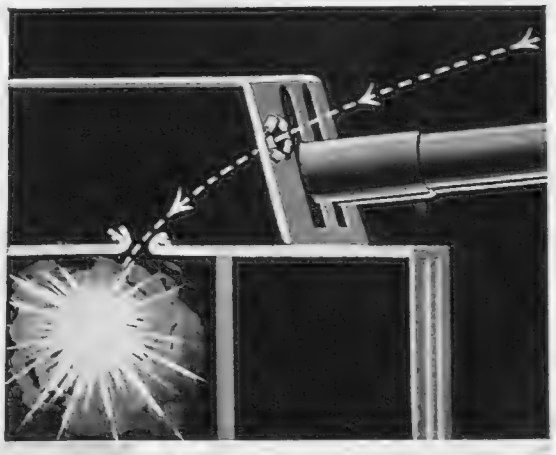
THE UNKNOWN FACTOR WHICH NEITHER SIDE CAN DETERMINE: After the electrically controlled charge has fired the gun and the shell goes screeching towards its target, the director control will be watching for any hint as to what has become of the shot or salvo, for the observer may have obtained excellent range data, but he does not know the intervening wind and weather which the shell will find in its career. The shell may rise five miles in the course of its flight. This course is straight at first, later it becomes curved and the drop much more vertical

For practice purposes full battle charges of cordite are very seldom used. In battle, however, full charges are used almost invariably, for while a reduced charge would often carry the projectile the necessary distance, it would be with a very high trajectory, and although a shell descending at a sharp angle can do most damage by passing through the comparatively thin-armoured deck, the flatter the trajectory the greater the dangerous distance to the enemy, and the more chance of scoring a hit.



In this diagram, the action of the cordite is shown in progressive stages in three guns given here in section. The shell is rammed into position—a 16-in. one weighs nearly a ton so must be handled mechanically—and the cordite propellant follows. The explosive in the shell is towards its head, in order to keep it as far as possible from the shock of the exploding cordite. In the centre gun, the shell is moving forward with some of the cordite producing an enormous pressure all round itself. The shell begins to turn, induced to do so by the rifling. In the third gun, the shell has travelled some way along the bore. The expanding gas is continuing to give the shell a forward push. The greater the length of the barrel, the more "push" is exerted on the shell. The designers of the gun naturally want to get as much of this push as possible





Above on left—
A SHELL MAY ARRIVE AT THIS ANGLE if it is fired from a poorly rifled gun—it hits the armour with the side or bluff of the point. At Tushima, many of the shells fired from the worn-out Russian guns arrived stern foremost and failed to do any damage. *Above on right*, effect of a delayed explosion is shown. The fuse must not be so sensitive that it explodes on contact—though the impact may be violent

On left—
BIG GUNS ARE MADE LONG—as one who has visited a battleship knows—to get continuous "push," but they must not be too long, for if that were the case the nose would have a tendency to droop after heavy firing

A SHORE BATTERY versus SHIPS'

Special Sphere Section

THE STEADY PLATFORM OF THE LAND BATTERY is, of course, an outstanding advantage which has given the land battery a disturbing record against the ship

THE LAND GUN HAS TO HAVE A RECOIL SPACE IN PROPORTION TO BORE: Here is how it is arranged at one of our shore batteries guarding British home waters by day and night

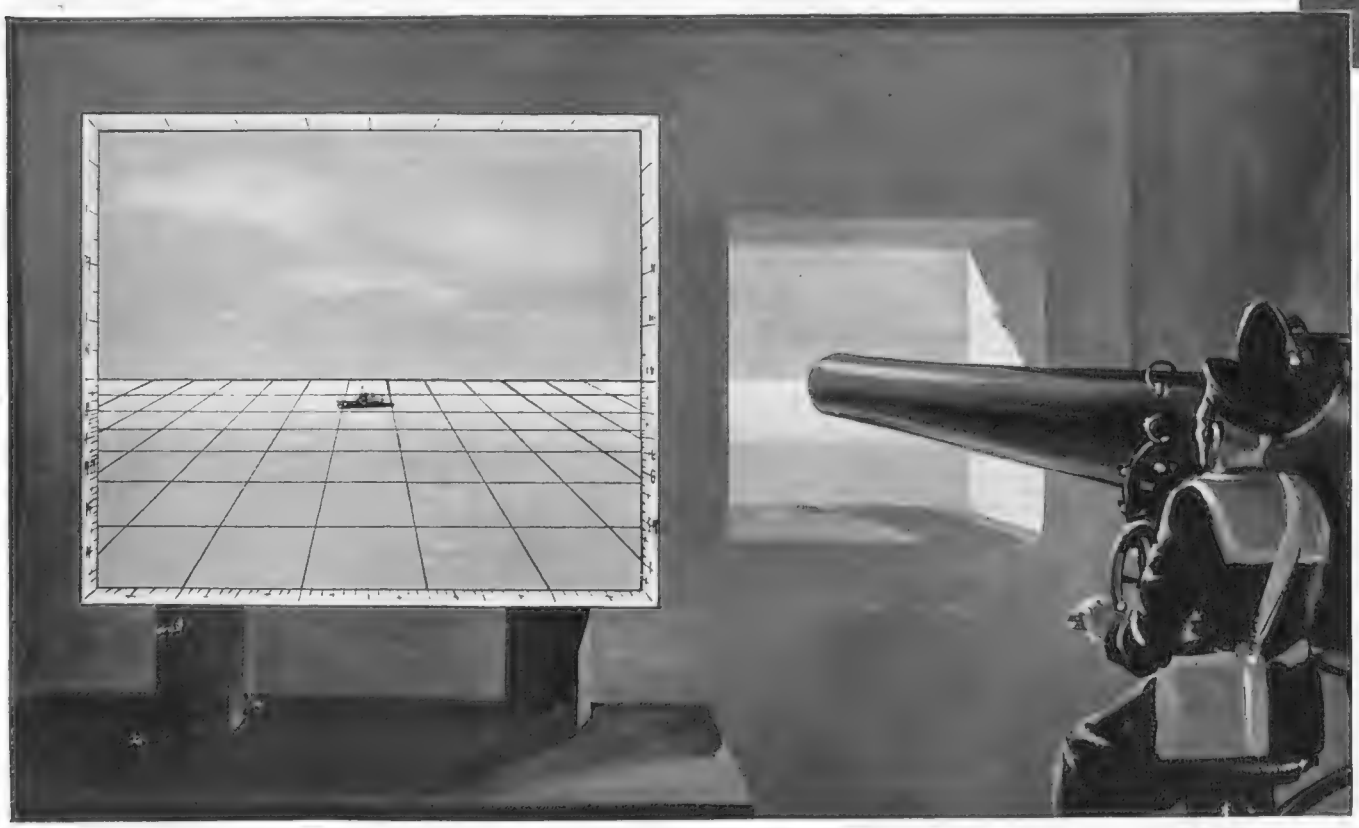
ONE of the oldest problems in the history of warfare has become prominent again thanks to the German invasion of Norway and the efforts of the Allies to evict the invaders. This is the problem of adapting the offensive weapons of naval forces to deal at short range with coastal batteries. The modern Norwegian aspect of this age-old teaser is especially complicated by several unusual factors, few of which, it must be admitted, favour the naval invaders. The shore guns are mostly emplaced on the rugged steep sides of long, narrow and winding fiords. It is believed that few of them can be of modern design, and the Germans have not had the time—or the transport — to supplement them with more than light howitzers, field and machine-guns. But the geographical factors in favour of the steady-mounted and hidden defenders are so overwhelming that all approaching warships must be given furiously to think.

This was demonstrated during the early days of the campaign when Norwegian coastal batteries sank the 10,000-ton *Blücher* and the 6,000-ton *Karlsruhe*, as well as some transports. It has been claimed that if treachery from within had not spiked other guns, the Germans would never have been able to penetrate the narrows of the Oslo Fiord in time to accomplish their unhappy deed before Allied help arrived. As it was, some of the Norwegian batteries, situated on isolated ledges of the towering cliffs, went on firing for several days, until their ammunition was exhausted.

Apparently one German light howitzer, hastily mounted in Narvik Fiord, caused our invading destroyers quite a lot of trouble, and the *Cossack* was specially assigned to silence it on the second, triumphant visit. It may well be asked, then, what sort of a task lies before, or is at present engaging our naval and landing forces in the numerous other inlets that they must penetrate and pacify, and that have now been in German hands long enough to permit of a reinforcement of the shore batteries?

Since it is our custom, let us first consider the problem from the viewpoint of the Navy. It must be admitted at once that ships are at a grave disadvantage when faced by strong shore forts. Anybody can understand why. The ships present large, easily discernible targets—their outline against the horizon or against smooth waters seen from above can be quite superb, as illustrations will show—

IF THE SHIP IS A MOVING bombarding warship is moving not so easy as it at first appears. practised against the *Graf Spee*. ships, even when moving could the land battery would be



THE SHORE BATTERY HAS THE ADVANTAGE OF MARKED RANGE DEVICES: The shore gun, working from a fixed base and position, can employ a variety of devices which enable it to cover the area of sea in front of it with great precision. One such device is shown here. By employing a ruled glass screen, it is possible to see exactly where the ship is and what its range must be. The shore gunner also knows the area in front of him, so that necessary refinements for wind and weather can be made

from a steady base, and has only the wobbling of its target to consider. It is like a man with a rifle on a bicycle engaged with a man with a similar weapon in a loopholed stone house.

If the shore defender has had time to make full preparations the situation is still more in his favour. Should his task be to protect narrow waters, he may mine them cunningly. Before naval forces can engage him at close range, they must then send sweepers ahead to operate under the most harrowing conditions. Moreover, the most modern coastal batteries are equipped with almost uncanny range-finders and other visual instruments, on steady mountings, which greatly enhance their value. It is doubtful whether any Norwegian batteries taken over by the Germans would have the latest instruments of this kind, but the Germans themselves produce some of the finest in the world, and may have brought a number across.

GUNS

A Nice Balance of Virtues and Disabilities Described

By DONALD COWIE

Similarly, in the Norwegian case, although some of the local guns may be old and of small calibre—perhaps 10-in. or 11-in. with ranges from 6,000 to 8,000 yards—they may have been reinforced by light German guns with a wider range, and many of the fiords are so narrow that range is of little importance.

Then the naval forces would perhaps have problems of their own. Ammunition supplied to naval guns for use against ships is not always suitable for attacking forts. Indeed, most warships are planned solely for engaging with adversaries of their own kind on their own element. Many naval guns have a low trajectory. It has been found in past times that ships have little chance against forts unless they are anchored; therefore they must slow down and take up station before opening effective fire, while the forts can blaze away from the beginning. Rough weather and poor visibility, such has apparently been experienced off Norway in recent weeks, can greatly hamper the ships.

LAND VERSUS SHIP: In this diagram the land battery is shown firing at a ship near the horizon. The gunner has a great deal of knowledge of the scene in front of him. If he has been allowed to practise at proper intervals he will know the conditions likely to affect his aim at a given moment with which his opponent cannot be so familiar

SHIP VERSUS LAND: It is usual to give the land a number of points against the ship, and there are certainly a number of conditions which stand out as possible to occur which would render the ship's task difficult. The target may not be clearly visible, as in the presumed case depicted here. Flashes reveal the presence of the enemy land guns for a moment and then there is only misty shadow in front of the range-finders

TARGET WHEN THE CONTEST IS ON: If the during the bombardment the land-gunner's task is Depth-charge dropping may also confuse him, a device It would seem, too, that a squadron of, say, three put in such a tremendous concentration of fire that bound to be smothered and put out of action

In the effort to draw a bead on the hidden shore guns, many rounds must be fired into barren but highly responsive hillside—clouds of dust from the affronted soil will mingle with smoke to make the task of locating the battery nests still more difficult. Should a daring attack by night be attempted, the naval commander hoping to locate batteries by their flash, shore searchlights may be brought to bear from all directions fatally to dazzle the eyes of the ships' gunners.

That is the case for the shore battery, and it is a pretty strong one. In war, however, there is no dogma. And it has always been the delight of men, especially Englishmen and English naval men, to make a mess of the theorists. Many instances could be adduced from our history, as well as the history of other nations, to show that ships can, if cleverly directed, subdue shore guns — Nelson at Copenhagen, the British at Alexandria, the Americans at Santiago de Cuba.

Perhaps the classic instance of recent times is the initial operations of Vice-Admiral Carden, with a few old battleships, against the immensely strong Turkish and modern German guns at the entrance to the famous Narrows of the Dardanelles. Subsequent operations were unsuccessful because of other factors, but initially all those superb shore emplacements were put out of action. There were many more batteries than would be found in any Norwegian fiord. The Turks had been waiting and preparing for just such an attack for months, if not years. Admiral Carden was greatly hampered by Admiralty instructions; he was even told not to use his guns too often in case he wore them out and wasted ammunition. But the batteries were silenced one by one.

So the problem of the coastal gun, from the Navy's viewpoint, need not necessarily be so difficult as a preliminary, theoretical examination might seem to demonstrate. In the present Norwegian operations we have the latest equipment of all kinds; the full strength of the Home Fleet is available, and there need be no shortage of munitions; we have a powerful Air Force and Fleet Air Arm to assist in spotting the hillside gunners and even to attack them with bomb and machine-gun; the fiords themselves are so long and winding that shore protection could never be fully adequate: the Norwegians never attempted to guard every point, and the Germans have not had time or transport to erect sufficient guns.

Moreover, naval gunnery has made great strides in our time. The problem of firing at a moving ship from a moving ship without losing range has been effectively solved; it should be less difficult to maintain range on a stationary land target. And shore batteries, especially in backward countries (from the military point of view) have definitely not kept pace with the times. In Norway to-day it may be just a matter of grit and pertinacity on the part of the Navy, combined with the shrewd use of landing-parties and the Air Arm.

A CONCENTRATION OF FIRE CAN COME FROM A BIG BATTLESHIP: A point in favour of a bombarding squadron is that it possesses immense powers in throwing a concentrated weight and variety of metal on a given spot. Shrapnel shells were at one time in use, and may be useful again

THE VARIOUS PARTS OF A CONVOY MUST KEEP TOGETHER AND KEEP GOING

Happy is the convoy which does not have a breakdown somewhere en route. The continuity must not be broken—this means terrific activity before the leading section is informed

GUIDING an ARMY CONVOY through ENGLISH ROADS

A Task Which Entails Constant Watchfulness by the R.A.S.C. and the Police—and the Officer in the "Sheep Dog" Car

By NOEL THOMPSON

IT must have been obvious to anyone who has had enough petrol to motor about the country during the past few months that there is a fairly continuous movement of troops from camp to camp, or from camp to port. To the inexpert eye of a civilian motorist meeting, or trying to overtake, a convoy once or twice in the course of a 100 miles run, it would appear that the whole British Army was on the road. But that is because a convoy of motor vehicles is a very deceptive thing. Take a comparatively small one. If the drivers stick to the regulation minimum distance between their vehicles of 25 yards, a convoy of 100 ambulances, or vans, would cover about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles of road, and if they are travelling at a speed of 25 miles an hour the distance taken in passing them seems interminable.

In truth, of course, the roads have had their full share of army wear and tear, many times greater than in the last war, and the mechanical transport officers and convoy officers have had their sleepless nights and nightmare problems. In 1914, troops and equipment could mainly travel by rail, but nowadays with the increased mechanisation of the infantry and the mechanisation of the cavalry the roads carry the bigger burden, for in addition to the troop-carrying units there are the supply, the bulk petrol, the artillery, the ambulance, the ammunition, and half a dozen other units which will proceed to their destination by road. Naturally, I have no figures to compare rail transport cost with road for the modern army, but I was given the figure that to move a division of troops, artillery, and tanks 60 miles ***250,000 gallons of petrol are used.***

Now how is the responsibility for land convoys shared? First and foremost by the R.A.S.C., whose members form one-fifth of the whole British Army. To them goes every vehicle issued to the Army in the first case, for thorough testing and examination and for special fittings such as are needed for technical vehicles like workshop lorries or ambulances. After the Heavy Repair Shops (H.R.S.) and Vehicle Reserve Depot (V.R.D.) have passed them they are ready to be driven away to, or called for by, their units. With every fifty-six vehicles go three special lorries, for stores, breakdowns and a workshop for repairs en route.

I cannot speak of road convoys overseas, naturally, where local conditions make rules different, but in this country when a convoy of any size is going to move, the first people to be consulted are the police. "Without their wonderful co-operation," as one officer told me, "we should be absolutely scuttled."

H.Q. receives orders from the War Office to make the move on a certain date, but it may be that even the War Office must bow to the police, for if too many convoys are using the same road the same day chaos might arise, and so the police may suggest a day earlier or a day later or a different time. The police, too, supply the route that must be followed.

Informed of the numbers and length of the convoy, the police, working on expected times at certain points, inform the various places on the way, so that mobile police in relays can take over duty and pilot the convoy safely over cross-roads, through towns, and past traffic lights, which are always ignored.

Meanwhile, the convoy officer of the R.A.S.C. will have received details of numbers, every driver's name and rank, and every vehicle. Probably he will be a junior lieutenant. He will have been told where he is to stop, where to refuel, and where, if necessary, he must stop the night and inform the local billeting officer of his requirements in advance.

His first job is to see that all the tyres are in good condition, for one puncture may either halt the column or disorganise it. He must see that every petrol tank is full and that the petrol is checked up.

Headlights, too, must be examined, though night convoy work is avoided as far as possible.

Then, having put his most capable driver in the front vehicle, he is ready to set off, probably in the early hours of the morning. He himself, with a driver, will be in the "sheep dog" car in the rear.

If he is lucky he will have no troubles much to worry about when the police are in attendance. But supposing a vehicle in the middle of the column breaks down? He has no means of signalling to the front of the column and must hope that violent hooting on the horn will pass a message up to the leading driver to stop. If the breakdown is going to take time, he must decide on a halting place farther ahead where the convoy can park and wait an hour for repairs to be carried out and the lame duck catch up. If it is serious, the convoy cannot wait, but these mishaps, thanks to the grand machines we now have, are rare.

MILITARY AND CIVIL POLICE DO SPLENDID WORK IN GUIDING THE CONVOY

The civil police control the selection of routes for convoys on the road

But main snag number one is that the leading car may miss the way. The worried convoy officer at the back may not realise it until he reaches the turning. Then he must tear two miles ahead up the convoy to the front car and consider what is to be done. If there is a roundabout the convoy can turn, but probably there will not be, and so they may have to proceed miles out of their way, not daring to turn down narrow roads. This is really the officer's nightmare, because some army drivers seem to have a weakness for losing their way.

Once more on the right road, he has to consider what will happen when he reaches his destination, because he is due at a movement control station at a certain time and now he is going to be late. He cannot legally increase speed, and he is in no mood to cut out the luncheon or tea break, probably at a wayside cafe, which the men need so badly. He decides he will just have to be late.

Two mobile police join him as they approach a big town and he explains his difficulties. They smile, and one goes ahead, and the convoy sails past the next cross-roads, where he is holding up the traffic. He joins on behind the column, while his colleague races to the front to prepare for the next cross-road. Through the town, where the police have been warned, they rumble, making up for lost time, until they near journey's end.

The convoy officer for the last time hurries to the front to count his sheep, as he has done half a dozen times before. He heaves a sigh of relief as, five miles from his objective, the movement control station comes in sight and dispatch riders come along to guide him exactly to the right spot. Once he has got his receipt that he has "delivered the goods" he can relax and take a rest.

Road convoying may sound an easy job (and, of course, compared to sea convoying it is the simplest thing in the world) but I hope I have shown that it has its attendant worries.

And finally a word to civilian drivers. Convoys will always try to let you pass (it is a rule that two convoys must never pass each other) but do not drive in batches, cutting in so that the convoy becomes split up and one vehicle may lose sight of the next. In that way you drive convoy officers mad.

As my friend pointed out, "there is only one convoy officer, and when one half of the convoy is going one way and the other half another, he is helpless. He cannot scour the countryside in two directions and try to join them together again unless he has the luck of the devil or super-intelligent drivers, both of which are rare."

On the whole though, the private motorist has shown great consideration for these convoys, sometimes to the point of following up in the rear for miles rather than cause inconvenience by passing.

THE VAST EXPENDITURE OF PETROL WHEN MOVING TROOPS ON THE ROAD

To move a division of troops, artillery and tanks for a distance of 60 miles, 250,000 gallons of petrol are consumed

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for NORWAY

TROOPS ASSEMBLED ON DECK FOR BOAT-DRILL ON A CONVOY LINER

EMBARKING ON A WELL-KNOWN LINER: THE FRENCH FORCE SETS OUT FOR NORWAY

EXPEDITIONARY FORCE SETS OUT FOR ITS PARTICULAR FIORD

THE DOGS OF THE CHASSEURS ALPINS HAVE THEIR LIFEBELTS, TOO

These official pictures give a first pictorial record of the Norwegian Expeditionary Force, consisting of British, Empire, and French troops. The presence of the French is a welcome reiteration of the complete military accord with France. In sending troops to Norway, France was keeping her promised word to that country. The British troops were supplied with sheepskin coats and woollen-lined leather coats worn over water-proof trousers and jerkins

MASCOT OF THE CHASSEURS ALPINS

PEACEFUL INTERESTS in a WAR-WRACKED WORLD

Some Considered Opinions on Kipling, Scott, Historical Novels and Salvage

KIPLING RECONSIDERED.—Mr. MacCarthy, in his review of Mr. Shanks's monograph on Kipling, soundly trounced the literary critics and the British press for the scandalously meagre measure of praise which they accorded Kipling at his death. As Mr. MacCarthy rightly said, the nation had completely forgotten that Kipling had been the widest combustion in the sky of English literature since Byron and Dickens, or (as he might have put it) since Scott and Byron, or Dickens.

Then, more contentiously, he added: "It was the more inexcusable because he was also *one of us*, a great journalist . . . a matchless reporter." But was not this fact perhaps the very essence of the reason for that faint praise at his death? Were not some of the faults of Kipling as a literary giant the very faults which we detest in journalism? In short, was not Kipling handicapped in literature by that *nostalgie de la bone* of Fleet Street?

There are instances in many of his finest efforts of those smart, slick, confident, devastating vulgarities which we deplore in journalism and which only the great and sincere publicist avoids. Journalism indeed is suspect all the world over, a target for everybody's barbs, even the barbs of journalists.

Kipling's greatness is acknowledged. In uninformed, petulant criticism he stands, teased, but not wounded or moved, by the yapping of jackals. But that does not mean that his lapses do not affect our sympathy in, and appreciation of, his genius.

An anthology of what Mr. Shanks calls his "wholly detestable" lapses from good taste, passages which make the reader "turn red," would fill a good sized book and it would not be easy to expunge them all from the text of a collected edition (a "Bowdlerised" Kipling) and to leave the sustained inspiration uninterrupted.

All Kipling readers have their instances ready to hand where a sudden lapse, a sudden touch of smartness, has knocked the bottom out of the pure spirit of admiration for a work of art. As Kipling grew older and more secure in fame and authority, as the sorrows of human life refined and tested the gold that was in him, these lapses grew rarer. There are few to be found in that vein of his which produced *Rewards and Fairies* and the others that followed in that line of country, and *Puck* is a nearly faultless masterpiece.

Thus he reversed the process of punishment which falls on all who write for the hour and also for what they hope may be for the years, who earn their living by journalism and write books for a leaf of bay. For most of us who do those two incompatible things, punishment inexorably falls on us and grows heavier with the years. More and more journalese creeps into our permanent efforts until the style which we have lightly prostituted goes permanently "on the street." It is not that journalism is a cheap or easy profession. Properly handled, nobly undertaken, it is a great calling and a great trust. The trouble is there are so many inducements to make it slick and smart and easy and frothy and on the surface. And those inducements are hard to resist.

Lockhart's Scott.—I have of late repaired one of the deficiencies in my education. I have read from cover to cover Lockhart's life of his father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, all ten volumes of that charming later edition, the first issue being in seven volumes. Is it fairly ranked as "the greatest biography in our language next to Boswell's Johnson"? It is as difficult to "prove" as the proposition "Who was the greatest Englishman?" The materials are rich indeed. Scott's diaries are inimitable; his letters, to modern ideas of biography, were too freely used.

None ever started so prejudiced in favour of enjoying a literary treat as I did. The romance of the Border country, which I know well, has soaked its way into me and is strongly in possession of me. I have a veneration for Scott and a great liking for many of his novels and, knowing his difficulties and aims, a great sympathy for his failures.

The fact remains that no biographer would dare to write such a biography to-day; the shade of Lytton Strachey would bar his way. As for me, I found the reading of Lockhart one of the most perfect "escapes" from the horrors, anxieties, and dreadful excitements of war which could be found, but I confess that my complete interest was not engaged until the point in Scott's career when Constable's and Ballantyne's failed and he found himself, by his criminal laxity, quixotism and toleration, a debtor to the tune of £120,000.

Then the dramatic interest in the situation and the narrative rises to 100 per cent., and, Scott's diary being of the first order, afforded Lockhart an opportunity which he grasped and exploited to the full. Scott sat down and "wrote off" the bulk of the debt—all but £50,000, which was paid by his family at his death—in the few years which, constantly interrupted by severe illness, remained to him. (Lockhart gave every penny derived from his biography to the final liquidation.)

In my humble view, the later volumes of this biography do indeed deserve the high claim made for it, and any biographer of to-day, given the same dramatic interest and the same order of materials, would be mad to adopt the modern form of biography in preference to the older. If your subject is competent to tell his own story, let him by all means, especially if he be a literary giant, head and shoulders above his contemporaries and his biographer.

Historical Novels.—When I read the historical novels of those painstaking ladies who nowadays turn them out to receive the raptures of the Book Societies, I wonder if they have studied a certain page of Lockhart's great book; that page which quotes Scott's own opinion of the technique of this form of novel in which he was supreme. He was referring to his own contemporary imitators, and his words are even truer of his imitators to-day.

"They (he said) may do their fooling with better grace; but I, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, do it 'more natural.' They have to read old books and consult antiquarian collections to get their knowledge; I write because I have long since read such works and possess the information which *they* have to seek for. This leads to a dragging-in of historical details by head and shoulders . . . so that, in respect to the descriptions, it resembles a string of the showman's box . . ."

The writer of such novels "must not let the background eclipse the principal figures—the frame overpower the picture."

How vitally true is this criticism of the modern historical novel. From Conan Doyle's onwards, they stink of the midnight oil, and at the worst are nothing but badly dramatised pages of history, a few fictional characters rubbing shoulders with historical figures.

S.O.S.—Save our salvage. There are few things more irritating in this war than the vast gulf which divides the ideals and promises of the latest Ministerial new brooms on the Home Front and. . . their performance. Since the war began, in my house we have saved by every means in our power all the waste products which are required for reconversion in order to save shipping space and to keep up our credit abroad. With what result? There have been two calls by the local "dustmen" to remove empty tins, and once we succeeded in persuading a local scout organisation to remove a sackful of paper.

The gulf between the efficiency of one local authority and its neighbour is tragic and puzzling. One would have said that eight months of dire necessity and constant propaganda must have thrown up in every village community at least one man whom the local authority would accept as a leader and suffer to organise this vital national service of salvage. It is not so with us. Our sheds are stacked with paper which no one will take, our commons are scarred with heaps of scrap iron which no one ever reduces. And we wait for the encouraging assurances of the next "new broom" and pay our rates to a local authority we heartily despise and condemn.

J. G.

BLOSSOM TIME IN KENT

A lovely springtime picture showing oasthouses near Sittingbourne situated amidst a sea of blossom which is now in its full glory. The quantity of blossom this year gives promise of a bumper harvest for the fruit growers throughout the country

NORWAY AS A BATTLE AREA

Some of the Physical Difficulties of the New Area of Conflict

FORTRESS-LIKE MOUNTAIN PEAKS

Nearly the whole of the mountain mass of western Norway is formed of primary rock-granite, gneiss, quartzite —and therefore the mountain peaks take the form of castle-like masses — in which the igneous rock originally solidified. The whole effect is that of primeval strength

VERTICAL WATERFALLS

The heavy rainfall which descends on the western heights pours off in innumerable waterfalls, often perpendicular in character. These columns of water often throw off spray when the wind catches them at certain angles and they too add to the staggering effect of Norway's scenery

TUNNELS BY THE HUNDREDS

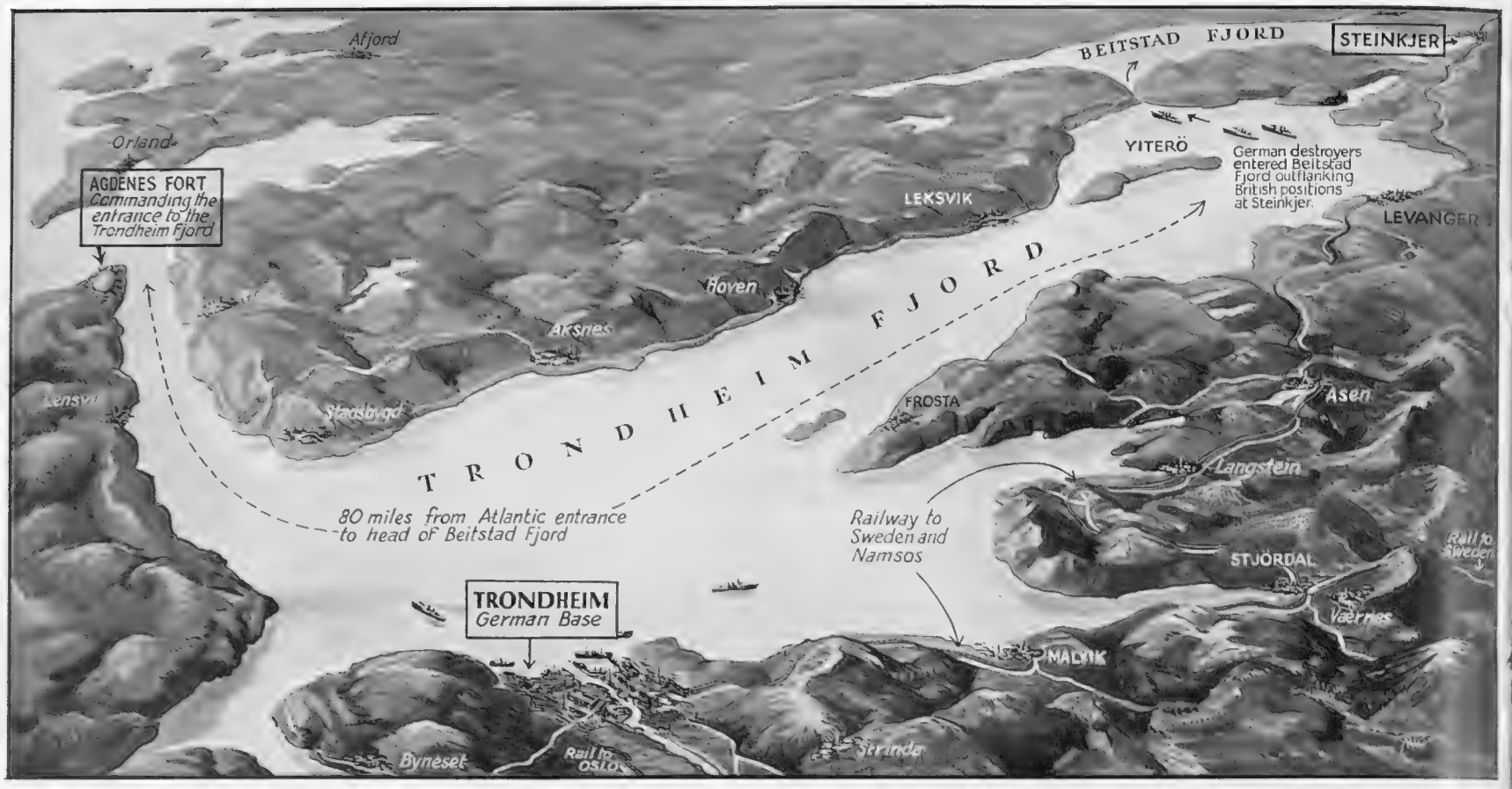
The mountainous character of western Norway has necessitated the construction of hundreds of tunnels on the railway lines linking the west coast with the capital. Here, in this view of one on the Bergen-Oslo Railway, along which the Germans have been moving, one can see the difficulties which the engineers had in boring through such fractious rock. Tunnels, however, protect the line from bombs

PERPENDICULAR CLIFFS LINE THE FIORDS

The character of the rock formation in Norway has also led to the steepness of the cliffs bordering so many of the famous fiords. These cliffs are in many cases nearly vertical—at the fiord heads they sometimes fall away into verdant slopes on which a pleasant little port or village nestles

HAIRPIN ROAD TURNS

Geology has also produced road problems which have been solved by the plentiful use of looped roads with hairpin turns, such as this one at Ura in Geiranger. All cycles and cars must be well braked if they are to negotiate some of these "staircases" without very serious mishap



TRONDHEIM, THE IMMEDIATE STRATEGIC CENTRE OF THE STRUGGLE FOR THE FREEING OF NORWAY FROM THE GERMAN INVADER

All eyes were turned during the past week on the moves and counter-moves of the enemy and the Allies for the control of the Trondheim area. Some ten days ago the situation for the Germans was not at all good. They were beginning to be hemmed in at Trondheim by an advance from the north at Namsos and from the south by way of the advance along the railways linking Andalsnes, Dombaas and Storen. So much so that the enemy was induced to very rapid movements in several directions which brought his advanced troops and mobile squads much nearer to opening up connection with Norway's historic city

GERMANY is at last at war with Norway, by official decree, signed by Herr Hitler on April 27, who has been obliged to relinquish the "protection" offered, through the "war-like actions which are taking place according to the wishes of the Norwegian Government." An early termination of the Norwegian trouble is desired earnestly by Hitler, who had not expected much difficulty once the main towns and capital city were occupied by the Nazis. It has been announced that the German authority in Norway may have to be severe if resistance continues, but the attitude is still calm, keeping up the benevolent character first assumed as far as possible.

As for Germany, she claims to be landing troops without difficulty at Oslo—a mere ferry business from Denmark—and it seems to be a fact that troops have landed there from small vessels during the past week. A steady stream of planes also carries men. It is estimated that the Germans have 60,000 in Norway but they are very scattered.

The Nazi air strength, with the bases they seized by their surprise invasion, has been their strongest weapon. Their bombers have, till the last few days, had it all their own way, able to dive low to get direct hits, and to machine-gun the towns, villages, and defending troops. Now that the British have obtained a temporary air base on a frozen lake, the German bombers have received a check and are no longer so active.

It is an ominous fact that 3,000 dead Germans have been washed ashore on the east coast of Oslo Fi[illegible], a striking commentary on the ease of the ferry servic[illegible]

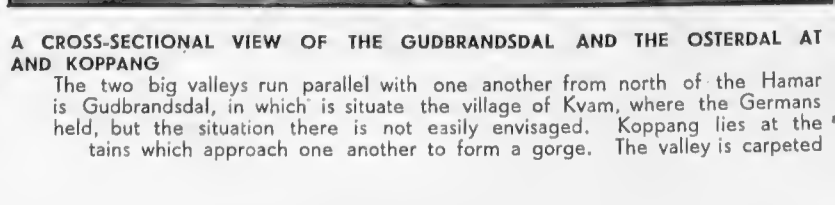
Around Trondheim: the Present Objective.—Trondheim remains the chief centre of the battlefront in Norway, where the result will be most critical. The Allies had hoped to cut the town off entire[illegible] but the German air superiority has checked this, and the German armies from Oslo are now making desp[illegible] efforts to relieve the town, marching troops up the two great valleys of Osterdal and Gudbrandsdal to crush the Allied forces. Planes have carried tr[illegible] the large Hansa planes bringing fifty men at a time, but little has arrived by sea.

Colonel Weiss, the German commander in Trondheim, has had a busy week, using all the planes at his disposal to bomb the forces surrounding him, and with this weapon he has had considerable success. The Nazis have no compunction about destroying Norwegian towns and villages, whereas the Allies are reluctant to bomb anything but military objectives; and have not bombed the city of Trondheim, with the merciless severity shown by the Germans at Namsos and Steinkjer. These two places have been completely destroyed, all the houses burnt, and the civilians rendered homeless. Fortunately they had all left in time and are now living in huts on the snow-clad mountains.

At Steinkjer where the British had joined the Norwegian forces there, the Allies received a setback, due to a flanking movement from the Germans, who had been able to bring the three destroyers out of the main fiord, through the narrow passage, into the Beitstads Fiord, up to Steinkjer. The guns from the destroyers commanded the Allied position and an advanced force was obliged to retreat in good order, unpursued by the Germans, who busied themselves in making defensive positions. The Allies are now said

THE GERMAN ADVANCE UP TWO GREAT NORWEGIAN VALLEYS

Some of the Stockholm statements envisaged a stand by Norwegian and Allied troops in the Hamar and Lillehammer district. But these accounts do not seem to have been accurate. Any forces holding Mjosen Lake must have melted away, for scared by the situation at Trondheim, German motorised forces made rapid dashes up both the Gudbrandsdal and the Osterdal, two long transverse valleys leading north-west towards Trondheim. There was a hold-up at the village of Kvam, the Germans failing to reach Dombaas. The Norwegians failed to stop the enemy advance at Koppang



A CROSS-SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE GUDBRANDSDAL AND THE OSTERDAL AT AND KOPPANG

The two big valleys run parallel with one another from north of the Hamar is Gudbrandsdal, in which is situate the village of Kvam, where the Germans held, but the situation there is not easily envisaged. Koppang lies at the [illegible] tains which approach one another to form a gorge. The valley is carpeted

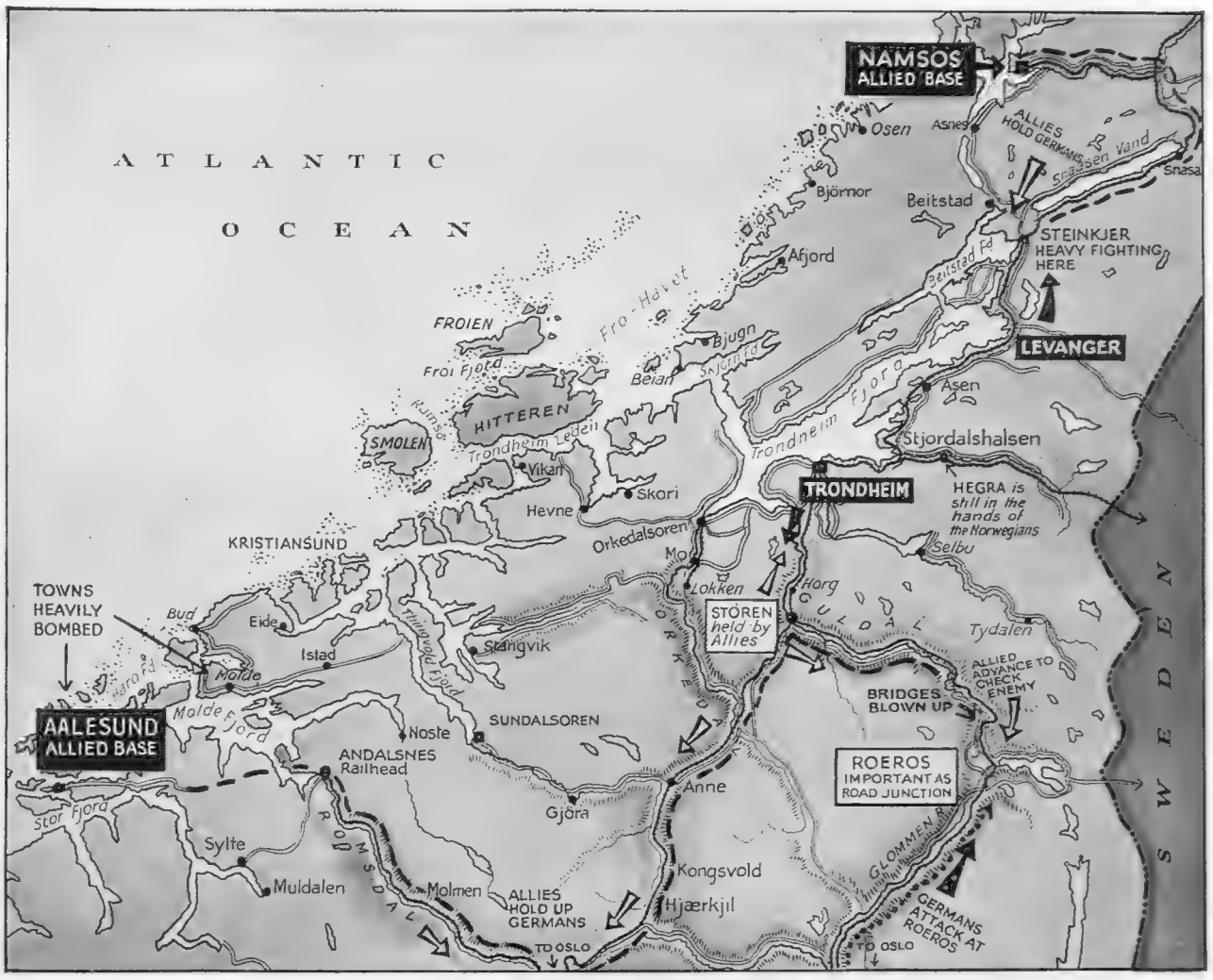
TO RELIEVE TRONDHEIM

The Germans Move Rapidly Through and Up Two Big Valleys in a General Struggle for Points of Vantage

to be at Mierle, thirty-five miles south of Namsos, where they are holding a good position. The railway line from Namsos to Steinkjer is still working, in spite of incessant bombing by the Germans. It runs in and out of tunnels and is so overlapped by mountains that bombers cannot get down to make direct hits.

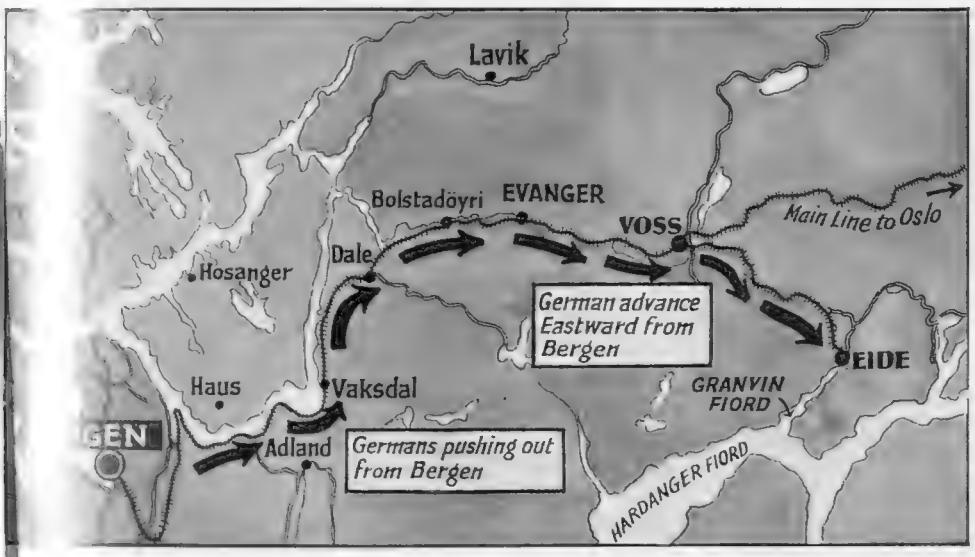
The Position at Namsos.—At Namsos, Allied troops continue to arrive, and no troopships have been injured, though the Germans have claimed many successes. The quayside has been damaged and certain British food supplies destroyed, but anti-aircraft guns are now well mounted and so efficient that for the past four days there have been no raids.

The German air bases at Vaernes (to the east of Trondheim) and the new base made at Lade (to the south) have been intensively bombed by the British, and Vaernes has also been shelled from Fort Hegra, still manfully holding out. Norwegian civilians have been forced to do their work upon the Vaernes air base, making it difficult for the defenders at Fort Hegra, who do not wish to hit their fellow countrymen.



THE LONG DRAWN OUT RAILWAY CONNECTIONS OF THE ALLIED FORCES SOUTH OF TRONDHEIM

A very curious military situation arose at the week-end in this section of Norway. The Allies were holding or had passed along a section of the railway leading from the Romsdal Valley eastward and also on the railway leading to Namsos. The enemy dashed along the Osterdal and reached an advanced position at Roeros in the valley. Blocked here, she began to plan an advance over the hills in order to cut the railway behind Dombaas and Storen



GERMANS MOVE EASTWARDS FROM BERGEN

med at affairs around Bergen, the Germans began to advance eastward to Voss and Eide; some little time Germany was content to hold Bergen, but that attitude has been given up she is now moving along the railway to Oslo. At Voss there is a branch line to Eide, ere the fiords become narrow and the cliffs rise precipitously from the water. Eide landing quay has subsequently been effectively bombed by the R.A.F.

The Fight for Dombaas.—Dombaas lies oot of magnificent snow-clad peaks, the of Peer Gynt of Ibsen fame. It is now by the Allies, but the Germans from Oslo are making tremendous efforts to seize it and thus save Trondheim.

The Germans are now, according to a War Office statement, at Kvam, a little village between mountains, thirteen miles south of Otta, where they are being held by the Allies.

Fighting in the Osterdal.—Norwegian resistance, which was expected to hold the German advance up the great valley of the Osterdal at Koppang, broke down, and the Germans had an easy run as far north as Roeros, where they are now held. As far as can be ascertained, Roeros, a copper-mining town, was taken by a few motorised troops, who encountered no resistance after a Norwegian troop train had been bombed. All the civil population streamed out over the snow to Sweden. Allied troops have arrived to the north of the town and are preventing further advance.

It is said that the Germans are now making frantic efforts to cut the line from Dombaas to Storen (the junction south of Trondheim) by branching off on mountain roads from Tonset (thirty miles south of Roeros).

Another attempt is reported to be operating from Alvdal (seven miles south of Tonset) to strike the railway at Hjerkinn where, however, the Allies are said to hold strong positions. The Norwegians are also claimed to be holding the pass at Kvikne. For the Germans it seems to be a race against time, fearing the landing of more Allied troops. If Trondheim were to fall and the British could obtain a good air base there, the Nazis would find Norway a still more difficult conquest. But difficulties are besetting both defence and attack and the next few days hold big possibilities.

Bergen and Hardanger Enter the Ring.—Another German effort is to unite Bergen with Oslo, the intervening country and the railway having up till now been in Norwegian occupation. From Bergen the Nazis have arrived at Voss, and from Oslo up the Hallingdal valley as far as Gulsvik, sixty miles north-west of Oslo.

HE POINTS KVAM

strict. To the west ere reported to be oot of high mountith yellow lichen

THE MAIN DOOR INTO SOUTHERN NORWAY REMAINED UNCLOSED LAST WEEK

German transports have been able to find their way up the Oslo Fiord to the capital, doubtless by hugging the Swedish coast

SPECIAL SUPPLIES FOR THE N.W.E.F.: The Ministry of Supply factories are working at full pressure making special equipment and stores for the men of the North-western Expeditionary Force in Norway. *Above* is a view of the huge machinists' room at a factory where tents are made up

SPLICING THE TENT LINES: A thousand workers are now employed in a gigantic factory making tents and haversacks for the forces. This is another department of the factory seen above, and these men are employed in splicing and coiling many miles of rope for tent lines which will eventually be dispatched to Norway

THE OFFICERS' SUNDAY CLUB ALFRESCO: Owing to the extremely mild weather last week-end, members and guests of the Officers' Sunday Club took full advantage of it and partook of refreshments on the balcony of the Dorchester, overlooking Park Lane

TO FIGHT THE NAZI INVASION OF THEIR COUNTRY: Norwegians in London who have volunteered for service leaving the London Recruiting Office at Norway House en route for the front. Officers and men wear khaki battle-dress and are recognisable by their tri-colour shoulder tab

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AUSTIN REED

OF REGENT STREET

103-113 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 ● LONDON AND PRINCIPAL CITIES

THE WEDDING OF THE QUEEN'S NIECE: The Hon. Nancy Bowes-Lyon with her husband, Mr. Lance Robinson, R.A.F.V.R., leaving Holy Trinity Church after their wedding last week

TOUR OF INSPECTION: After attending the wedding of her niece, the Hon. Nancy Bowes-Lyon, who is the second daughter of Lord Glamis, the Queen inspected the special air-raid shelter underneath the Holy Trinity Church. Her Majesty is seen leaving the shelter accompanied by the vicar and followed by Lady Halifax, wife of the Foreign Secretary, who acted as the Queen's Lady-in-Waiting

WEDDING SMILES: Second Lieutenant Edward Tyler, eldest son of Captain and Mrs. Guy Tyler, with his bride, Miss Philippa Fitzalan Howard, the only daughter of the late Lieutenant the Hon. Philip Fitzalan Howard and Mrs. P. G. Riviere. They are seen outside Brompton Oratory. Miss Howard, who is a cousin of the Duke of Norfolk, is also a film actress. She played a part in the film *Contraband* with Valerie Hobson and Conrad Veidt

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

LONG NOVELS and SHORT STORIES

A Varied Collection of Tales this Week

THE twenty years between this war and the last never had, even in its phases of prosperity, that character of golden peace which has often preceded wars and of which some historians of this century's first decade have written. It was at best a state of non-war and of partial reconstruction, but the sense of security was gone and it was a time of perplexity and mutation that led finally to that September morning.

Miss Barbara Goolden has chosen this period for her new novel, **THE ASSES BRIDGE** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), which begins with a man on leave in 1918, and closes with his wife calming a group of girls in the first air raid warning last year. In that time she has progressed from a kind of warm and irrepressible gaiety of spirit to a calm and sturdy philosophy of acceptance. She is, in her virtues and shortcomings, though Miss Goolden has flattered her a little too much over these, a very typical Englishwoman, not pretty, but very sound and very kind, and with a strong sense of duty.

At the end of the last war she adopted a child, the son of a deserter from the army and of a young housemaid who was driven to commit suicide. This child, in whom all the woman's affection are centred, grows up to become a soldier in time for this war and so to discount the years of careful and loving training in pacifism that his foster mother has given him. In the end it is this love that gives her understanding of the boy's problem and, as the author puts it, courage instead of consolation.

Miss Goolden has written a sober and sensitive story and her most important novel so far.

Fiction being, by one definition, the action of feigning or inventing imaginary existences, events or states of things, it would only be churlish to say of Mr. Maurice Collis's new novel that it is barely credible. It is fiction and that should be enough, even when that fiction purports to be the actions of a British Government agent.

THE DARK DOOR (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.) has such a man for its hero, a gentleman who furthermore can adopt the disguise of a Buddhist priest at will, give a four-hour sermon in Burmese and descant on Oriental philosophy with references to the appropriate (and multi-lingual) authorities.

The purpose of this gentleman's mission in Burma is to discover, without attracting attention to himself, the truth about some vast palisades being erected at a place which might, strategically, prove a danger point. Hence his disguise and the sermon. Hence also, and delightfully, his meeting with a young Englishman who varies the monotony of his work as commissioner by reading Dante's *Inferno*, and quoting from it to perplexed Burmese villagers.

As for the solution of the great palisade mystery that is pure and ingenious comedy, and as such deserves not to be told here.

SUN ON THE WATER (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) is Mr. L. A. G. Strong's new collection of short stories. Although some of the twenty are slight to the point of tenuousness, they are together a triumph in technique, and a delight to read.

Perhaps the title story, which is the account of an invalid's day spent on the jetty of a tiny port, watching the visitors land from motor boats, is the best. It is a little jewel of observation and lightness, and of the others, I think only one, *Coming to Tea*, though it is really no more than a sketch, approaches its excellence. *Here's Something You Won't Put in a Book* is the most complete, as a story form, and yet it is over in a flash—a brilliant flash, like a smokeless firework.

There is an Irish wit, as well as an Irish fluency, in Mr. Strong's pen, and in his anecdotes. This book is the right fare for those who like their wine light but like it *pétillant*.

Though I am inclined to quarrel with the publishers' statement that a novel named **SECOND SIGHT** (Faber and Faber. 8s.) "could not be other than a story of the Scottish Highlands," I will admit that it is a very good story about both subjects. Mr. Neil Gunn appears to know a great deal about deer-stalking and about visionary Scots, and has made a neat job of combining them in a novel which is in a sense a mystery story.

A hunting lodge in the remote Highlands is the scene of the mystery, and a party of deer-stalking Englishmen, their wives, daughters and ghillies play it out. One of their number returns to the lodge after a day of the arduous walking, climbing and crawling that the sport demands. His only companion has been a handsome young Scot who is friendly but reserved and whose chief merit is that he knows every inch of the deer forest.

In the long twilight, and nearing home, this man sees a spectral burying party, four men carrying a corpse between them. And the corpse has the face of someone they all know. The rest of the story is a working out of the mystery, or rather its rationalisation, since only one of them believes it to be more than a rather poor joke. The ending is sensational, for they have their corpse and an unexpected one.

Mr. Gunn produces a fine atmosphere of rising tension and snapping nerves in his isolated little moor house, and his descriptions of the beautiful, bleak hills and glens are quite enchanting.

Mr. H. T. W. Bousfield's short stories have little in common with Mr. Strong's, beyond their effectiveness. If Mr. Strong writes like an artist, Mr. Bousfield writes like a traveller, and an agreeable, observant, and tolerant traveller at that. His attitude seems to be that of the enlightened man of the world—alarmed by nothing, interested in everything, which is in analysis an excellent basis for a writer of talent.

THE GOD WITH FOUR ARMS (Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.) is a collection of eleven stories and a postscript, covering territories from Rio to Agra and each telling a good lively tale with an adventurous tang to it. They are men's stories, even when they are concerned with women, and they show a masculine pre-occupation with deeds and not with details.

I found them fresh, inventive, and a good deal more than competent. I think you will enjoy them as much as I did.

Mr. T. H. White's new book, on the other hand, is disappointing and to no one more than his ardent fans, among whom I number myself. **THE WITCH IN THE WOOD** (Collins. 8s. 6d.) has only the shadows of those qualities which made *The Sword in the Stone* such a delight. That was a book which one might wager on finding on bookshelves and in schoolrooms fifty years hence. It was both very beautiful and very funny, and it has been compared with *Alice* and with *The Wind in the Willows*. Its sequel, I am afraid, will keep no such high company, although, if it could be judged entirely alone, it would still be a very entertaining book.

As before, Mr. White deals with the days when Arthur was young, though here we see him as a king, inventing chivalry—"why can't you harness Might so that it works for Right?"—with the magician Merlin at his elbow. But Arthur is no longer the central character, which is part of my complaint. Instead, the scene moves to a grim Scots kingdom where Morgan le Fay's sister is queen, and a witch besides.

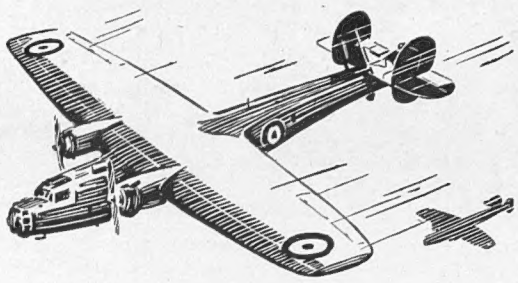
Granted that she is a witch to end all witches, with a suitably malevolent nature, and a fondness for mudbaths and chinstraps oddly reminiscent of beauty culture advertisements; she still is not an adequate substitute for the little kingly boy who served his apprenticeship in the woods and fields.

King Pellinore and his Questing Beast, I am delighted to say, are still in the picture, and there is a delightful episode in which Sir Grummore and a Saracen tutor ("failed M.A.") dress up as the hind and fore parts of a rival Beast with inevitably comic results. But it is not enough and I shall wait for yet another sequel more worthy of its author's gifts.

Perhaps, in the meantime, I shall re-read *The Sword in the Stone*.

M. Maurice Dekobra's **TWENTY-ONE NIGHTS IN PARIS** (Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d.) has, I feel with the greatest sympathy for the author, just missed the bus. What might have been an extremely handy and detailed catalogue of a thriving night life is now no more than a wistful evocation of past pleasures.

For though the text is as gay and the champagne flows as freely as ever it does not conceal that there is already something dated about those dim *boites* and those rather stocky, under-dressed young women whose gyrations used to interfere with the digestion of one's excellent dinner. Or are these the sour grapes of a temporarily sequestered islander? In any case, congratulations to M. Dekobra on his immense and characteristic vivacity, and on the thoroughness of his nocturnal guide book.



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...or Regis.—Royal Norfolk.
...nemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
...nemouth.—Tollard Royal.
...ton.—The King's Hotel.
...ey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
...bridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
...chester.—The Ship Hotel. Tel. 2028.
...pping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
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Duiverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
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ENGLAND—*continued*

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

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S. Kensington Htl. Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.

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Pitlochry.—Pitlochry Hydro.
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Skelmorlie.—Skelmorlie Hydro.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
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CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

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Bangor.—Castle Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

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Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

THERE is a tendency, judging from letters I have received recently, to bemoan the fact that one is more or less forced to holiday in Britain this year.

Holidaying abroad is largely a matter of habit. There is an urge to have complete change from everyday food, and to break away from normal routine to strange people, strange sights, even unfamiliar smells.

It is difficult to help such people in the choice of a holiday in Britain, because they are invariably of the belittling kind. They have a poor opinion of their own country because they have never troubled to investigate it, and when they cite instances of appalling food, reception and accommodation, investigation would go to show they have almost entirely stuck to the highways of Britain and never sought the fascinating byways.

Even if the Continent is practically barred for holidays this year, it would seem an obvious compromise for people who must go abroad to holiday in the Channel Islands. There is the sea to cross, Customs to go through, and a strange patois when you land. Cigarettes and drinks are cheap, licence hours are comparatively unrestricted, and whilst it is to be admitted that there is much to be recognised as English there is additional to the conveniences of English life, many foreign characteristics.

Actually Jersey to-day is one of the most get-at-able places in the country. Without giving actual times, which are liable to fluctuation, there is a fair and regular service by air, and the journey can be done in far less time than it would take a Londoner to get to say Bournemouth, Torquay and other resorts of that distance.

This year of 1940 seems an ideal year to visit the Channel Islands. There is bound to be less of the tripper element in the holiday season. There is a certain remoteness from war and a feeling of security that one cannot have at other resorts less strategically placed, and if you decide to stay at the St. Brelade's Bay Hotel you have every reason to feel that here is "the safest place on earth."

Everyone who knows Jersey will tell you that St. Brelade's Bay is the pick of the island. It is too far distant from St. Heliers to be overrun by the excursionists, and yet it is the nearest point to the Jersey Airport.

St. Brelade's Bay Hotel is delightful in its simplicity. There is a touch of the Swiss hotel in the plain floors, the roominess of the lounges and the sun verandas. Ten paces from the front door and one is on the most perfect golden sands. One can bathe at any state of the tide, and in the early morn until the setting sun one wonders whether one is on the Continent or in Heaven.

Another island holiday, though it is rather one of make-believe, is Burgh Island Hotel, off the south coast of Devon, about 20 miles from Plymouth. Only a quarter of a mile separates the island from the mainland and at high tide it is completely surrounded by water. But even then one is not completely cut off from civilisation, because there is an extraordinary contraption run on caterpillar wheels which at high tide can convey one backwards and forwards with the sea almost washing one's bootlaces.

Burgh Island Hotel is the place for people who in the normal way patronise West End hotels when they are in London yet want a holiday in the West Country with West End service. Actually, once you have got there, there is no real reason why you should ever leave the island at all!

There is a swimming pool built amidst the rocks, tennis, dancing at nights, a multiplicity of sheltered nooks and walks, whilst as regards the latter, if you must have an excuse for your walk there is even a "local" on the island where you can sit, sip and gossip!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. F. L., Peterborough.—Farmhouses are outside my line of country. But I know one or two places which offer the same type of life, but much better value. For example, the Old Water Mill at Hellingly, near Hurstmonceaux, Sussex. Here you are in the heart of the country, and there are plenty of ways you can give a helping hand in the grounds if you feel like it, whilst there is any amount of good walking, boating, and fishing in the immediate neighbourhood. If your idea of a farmhouse holiday is fresh eggs and butter, a cock to call you in the morning and a cow to moo you to sleep at night, the Old Water Mill is the place.

D. D. C. H., Glasgow.—I cannot help feeling that the best place for you to stay at would be a really comfortable hotel in a town where there are plenty of buses to take you to the districts around. For that reason I am recommending the Ship Hotel at Chichester. It is a lovely Adam building which has only been open about a year, and I am sure the Manageress, Mrs. Gispert, would look after you very well.

J. G., Manchester.—Why not try Anglesey? The Bull Bay Hotel at Amlwch which is nice and secluded should suit your purpose very well. Another hotel equally suitable would be the Wern-y-Wylan at Llanddona.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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MOTORING COMPETITIONS IN WAR-TIME

Should Sporting Events Cease for the Duration?

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

MOST motorists who in peace-time either took part in sporting events or who attended at the various race meetings, hill-climbs, and reliability trials that were held throughout the country during practically every week-end have assumed from what they have read in the Press and from their own observations that all motoring competitions have ceased for the duration of the war. For some months past there have been isolated efforts to induce some of the motoring clubs to organise car competitions. In order to make the position quite clear the competitions committee of the Royal Automobile Club met a little time ago to consider the matter, and decided that whilst existing conditions prevail, the R.A.C. will not grant a permit for any races, hill-climbs, speed events, or reliability trials in which it is proposed that cars should compete.

The R.A.C. when making this decision public gave the following reasons for their attitude. The Secretary for Mines has stated that the basic petrol ration is granted to enable owners of private cars to make use of them to a limited extent for necessary domestic purposes. Whilst such purposes, stated the R.A.C., undoubtedly include a certain amount of essential recreation, participation in motor racing, speed events, or reliability trials could not be regarded as coming under this head. Such competitions as could be held would not have at the present time any technical or military value and could not, therefore, be justified on either of these grounds.

Again, the public is aware of the many reasons which necessitate the strictest economy in the use of petrol and would view with disfavour its use in motoring competitions at the present time and, finally, the R.A.C. stated that a very large proportion of the motoring clubs in the country have already announced the suspension of their competition activities for the duration of the war. Such clubs would be opposed to any attempts by a few of the remaining clubs to carry out a programme of competitions.

Most of us in the competition world thought that that statement by the R.A.C. would put a stop to any further efforts by those who wanted to run competitions, but apparently arguments as to whether there should or should not be such events still continue. According to the technical Press, the Vintage Car Club got into touch with the Secretary for Mines and asked him if he would raise any serious objection to the use of petrol purchased through the basic coupons being used to demonstrate economy with speed and that "Pool" petrol was quite a likeable commodity. According to *The Motor* the Vintage Car Club received the following reply: "I am directed by the Secretary for Mines to state that while there is no legal provision defining the uses to which a basic motor spirit ration may be put, it was always intended only to meet essential domestic needs. Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd would not wish, however, to raise any serious objection to a competition for the purposes and on the conditions indicated in your letter."

Some people in view of this reply have rushed to the conclusion that this expression of opinion by the Secretary for Mines completely knocks the bottom out of the first reason given by the R.A.C. for not sanctioning competitions. It will be noticed, however, that first of all Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd would not wish to raise any serious objection, but in all probability he would be forced to interfere if the number of competitions held were such that they gained publicity in the Press.

RAILWAY SIGNAL FOR ROAD TRAFFIC: A cabin like a small railway signal-box situated on the private approach road leading to the war-time headquarters of the L.M.S. Railway. The "stop" and "go" indications are supplemented at night by red and green lights, and the cabin is operated by a L.M.S. police officer

Again, the R.A.C. reasons have been attacked from another direction. Some people say that it is all wrong for the Club to say that at the present time such competitions that could be held would not have any practical or military value. It is argued that as our Army is now highly mechanised, the holding of sporting events to train drivers in the use of cars in difficult circumstances would be to the nation's good. The truth about it is that if the military authorities wished to give such training they would hold trials of their own.

Another section of malcontents say that as a racing car runs on specialised dope the holding of speed events would not in any way aggravate the present petrol position. Be that as it may, the stocks of such fuel must be strictly limited, and I can scarcely believe that it cannot be used for some military purpose. In any case, the preparation and the running of racing cars necessarily involves the expenditure of labour of a highly specialised kind which must surely now be employed on work of national importance. Motoring not only under present conditions but even in peace-time operates under great restrictions, and no doubt the R.A.C. are anxious that in these times the pleasure of a few should not be used as an excuse to increase those restrictions eventually.

Italy and Germany have announced their intention of organising and competing in motor races during the present year, but it must be remembered that in those countries motoring sport is looked upon as work of national importance. The sport enjoys the fullest public support and so the position compared with this country is entirely different.

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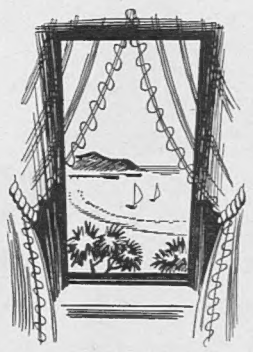

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There's not enough petrol to get to the links;
So we take to two wheels and we bicycle there;
Young Charles who served us with drinks has joined up,
And the Steward is tearing what's left of his hair.

The Colonel advances his views on the war
And thinks a defensive campaign is all wrong;
He proves with an ashtray, his matches and pipe
That we all may be stymied before very long.

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How to quell an incendiary bomb should one land.
We ask somewhat bitterly if he's aware
That meanwhile the bunkers could do with some sand.

There's one caddie left and he's turned eighty-three,
A willing old rascal but no use at all,
He can't see a florin held up to his face,
So he certainly can't see the flight of a ball.

Well, grousing won't get us the figures, and so
We'll cheerfully try to diminish our score.
Thank goodness they haven't yet rationed the thrill
Of putting a 3 down when bogey is 4.

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